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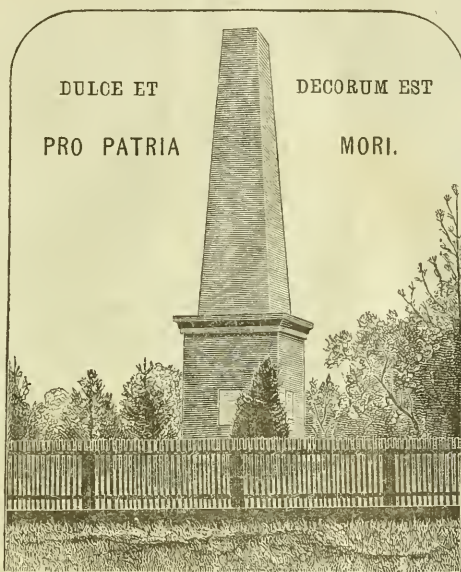






# HISTORICAL ADDRESS

AT THE



## WYOMING MONUMENT,

3d of JULY 1878,

ON THE 100th ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

*BATTLE AND MASSACRE OF WYOMING.*

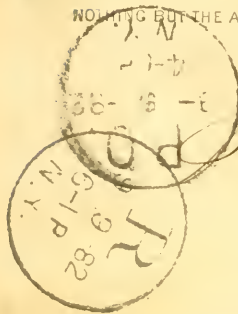
BY STEUBEN JENKINS.

WILKES-BARRE, PA.

PRINTED BY ROBERT BAUR, 104 MAIN STREET.



NOTHING BUT THE ADDRESS CAN BE PLACED ON THIS SIDE.



M. B. Dawson Esq  
Morristown.  
New York.

9 9-82  
BATTLE AND MASSACRE OF WYOMING, JULY 18, 1878.  
Render tribute where it is due, and keep in remembrance those who lost their lives in defense of their homes and their country, and thus added glory to our native land.



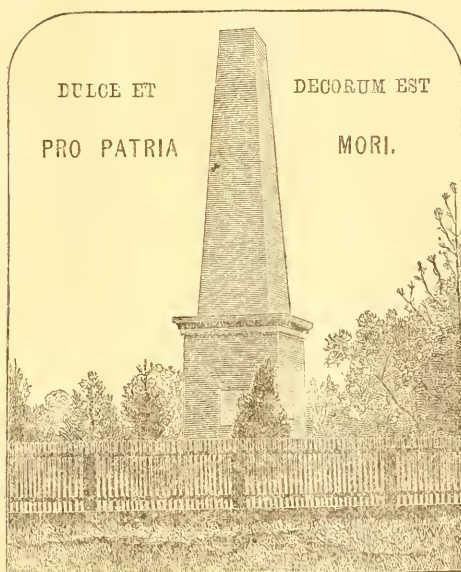
Wyoming Sept. 8 1882  
I send you with this a copy  
of my address as requested  
by you. You can send any  
historical document which you  
have to spare, and that I  
would be interested to see.  
Yours,  
J. H. Jenkins

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# ADDRESS.

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MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

There is no event of equal magnitude, that occupies so large and conspicuous a place ; none that has made the scene of its enactment so celebrated in history and song, as has that of the Battle of Wyoming, with its attendant massacre and conflagration ; none that has so largely called forth the execrations of mankind against the one side, and then feelings of compassion and sympathy for the other.

We are met to day to recount the scenes enacted here on this ground just one hundred years ago, and to commemorate the valor and patriotism of that little band of heroes who went forth to stay the march of the ruthless invaders of their soil and save their families, their homes, their flocks and their harvests from havoc and destruction.

They were not soldiers, trained and inured to martial service, well armed and equipped for the fray. They had no great commander with an army of veterans, going forth conquering and to conquer ; to sate his mad ambition or wreak his vengeance upon an innocent, unoffending people. There was no one among them who possessed an absolute command. They were principally old men and boys unfit for the active and arduous duties of the field ; who,

from inefficiency had remained at home, while the young men, better fitted for those active and arduous duties, were serving in the distant ranks of our country's defenders.

It was no war of ambition, of plunder, or of revenge on their part: it was to save themselves and their families from butchery, their homes from the torch of the incendiary, their flocks and herds from being slaughtered or driven off, their harvests from being destroyed, and their liberty from being overthrown.

We cannot talk or judge of them as soldiers, for soldiers they were not. We cannot talk of them as an army, for an army they were not. They were simply a hasty gathering of a rural settlement for defense against their invaders. As such I shall speak of them to-day. As such we must judge of their acts.

To more fully understand the position of affairs on that terrible day and night of carnage, devastation and blood, go back with me in the history of the Valley for one hundred years; for it is of that period of its history we are met here to-day to talk and reflect. We find quite a different state of affairs existing here then, from that which surrounds us here to-day.

Instead of cities and towns, the abodes of wealth, of luxury and ease, we see only a little hamlet or two, with log houses scattered here and there, occupied by busy toilers winning from the willing earth in the sweat of their brows, the means of subsistence. Instead of cleared fields, stretching from mountain top to mountain top, dotted with fine farm houses, palatial in size and in grandeur of adornment, surrounded with large fields, finely fenced and subdued to the wish of the cultivator; we find an almost forest waste, with here and there only a cleared spot, encumbered with stumps and brush, mostly bordering on the river.

Instead of the screech of the locomotive, as it wheels its course through the valley at more than race horse speed, communicating and exchanging the interests and business



of the whole country, and bearing a share of the commerce of the world to and fro through it; we hear the howls of voracious wolves, the screech of the stealthy panther, and the frightful yell of the more stealthy and blood-thirsty Indian savage, bearing terror, desolation and death to the unguarded settler.

Their communications with the outer world, instead of being borne upon the lightning's rapid wing, instantaneously throughout the whole continent, were borne on horseback or on foot, through an unbroken forest, without roads or bridges; and it was a five or six days' journey out, and as many to return again, and then only the nearest and feeblest settlements were reached.

In passing from house to house through the settlement, instead of hearing the organ or the piano swelling forth their rich strains of harmony, or the hum and clatter of machinery gathering the abundant harvest and preparing it for the market, we hear the hum of the spinning-wheel, the bang of the loom, the whack of the threshing flail, the stroke of the felling axe, the grinding of grain with the pestle and mortar.

The people were few and scattered, covering a hundred miles up and down the Susquehanna, limited in means and resources, and yet, with brave and true hearts, they battled manfully against the toils, the sufferings, the privations and dangers that pressed them on every side. Such was the condition of the settlement here, one hundred years ago.

And who were these people thus isolated from the rest of the civilized world, the pioneers of a new colony, struggling with poverty and want, battling with foes without and foes within, and yet maintaining their ground amidst all their dangers, afflictions and sufferings?

They were principally born and raised in the land of "steady habits;" were the sons and daughters of the honest yeomanry of Connecticut and Rhode Island; not the refuse of towns, not gold hunters or greedy speculators, or reck-

less adventurers, but the young, the energetic and enterprising part of a rural population, whose parents were ministers, deacons, and members of Evangelical churches. Those from Rhode Island were mostly Quakers, or Friends. They came to fell the forest, cultivate the land, and establish a society on the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna, where, under a more genial sun, and on a more fertile soil, they might enjoy all the privileges of their ancestors, and transmit to their posterity homes possessing all the characteristic excellencies of those of New England. They were joined in this enterprise by a company of settlers from Dauphin and Lebanon counties, of Presbyterian stock, who settled the town of Hanover. These were chiefly Scotch-Irish and German.

They brought the gospel and the gospel minister with them and provided liberally for their support. They established schools and made ample provisions for education throughout the settlement, laying broad and deep the foundations for a religious, intellectual and moral community. Such were the sources whence came the people whose story we are telling, such the people themselves. The labors, the sufferings, the dangers and deaths they endured in preparing the ground and sowing the seeds of future prosperity and greatness for their descendants accomplished their work, and have given, not alone to their descendants, but to hundreds of thousands from all parts of the civilized world, abundant cause for gratitude and joy. The soil they hallowed with their blood yields to us a bountiful supply of all that can gladden the heart and make life happy.

With these introductory remarks I will at once enter upon the history of the events of the day we have met to commemorate, and yet, to treat of them properly, it becomes necessary to detail, to some extent, the preceeding history of the times which wrought out these events and their sad termination.

The country was engaged in a great and earnest strug-



gle for freedom from the exactions and tyranny of the British government. It was the common cause of all the colonies, and nowhere was that cause more earnestly espoused and more ardently sustained than here, at Wyoming. In addition to this cause for anxiety and disquiet among the settlers, another existed, which had, up to this time, given them more trouble and been productive of greater alarm. This was the struggle with the Penn proprietors, and those claiming under them, for the supremacy in government, and the right of soil where they inhabited.

Although this struggle had much to do in framing the destiny of the people here, and, in fact, in bringing the great evils about, that wrought ruin, desolation and death to the settlers, there is no occasion to go into a history of that struggle, beyond a statement of its grounds and what it may be necessary to mention in passing on in our narrative.

In 1620, Charles I., of England, granted to the Duke of Lenox, the Earl of Warwick, and others, under the name of "The Council of Plymouth," "All that part of America lying and being in breadth from forty degrees of north latitude to the forty-eighth, inclusively, and in breadth throughout the main lands from sea to sea."

Robert, Earl of Warwick, in 1630, obtained from the "Council at Plimouth," and the next year, 1631, having obtained confirmation of his title, by royal patent from Charles I., conveyed to Lord Say and Seal, Lord Brook, and others, "All that part of New England, in America, between the fortieth and forty-third degrees of north latitude, from Narraganset river on the east, to the South sea on the west, throughout the main lands."

This grant was confirmed by royal patent from Charles II., on the 20th of April, 1662, from Narraganset bay on the east to the South sea on the west. The Pacific ocean at that time was known as the South sea. Wyoming lies within these bounds.

On the 4th of March, 1681, Charles II., by royal

charter, granted to William Penn, as Proprietary and Governor, the territory embraced in the present State of Pennsylvania, which covered two degrees of latitude of the same territory previously granted by him to the proprietors of the New England grant. The New England settlers claimed Wyoming under the grant of 1662; the Pennamites claimed it under the grant of 1681, from the same king. This was the ground of controversy, and out of this controversy, and from the efforts made on both sides to effect a settlement of the disputed territory, each side to the exclusion of the other, the struggle between the claimants arose.

This struggle existed at the first inception of the Revolutionary contest, and was raging with great fierceness when the oppressive acts of Great Britain, and the battles of Concord and Lexington called off the thoughts of the settlers from their own petty conflict, where a few acres of land only, were involved, to that mighty conflict in which their liberties and the fate of empires were swinging in the balance.

Accordingly, on the first of August, 1775, immediately on receiving the news of those battles, the settlers assembled in town meeting and offered terms of compromise and accommodation to the Pennsylvania claimants, during the great struggle with the common enemy.

The proceedings of that town meeting are entered on their records as follows:

"At a meeting of the proprietors and settlers of ye town of Westmoreland," (this was the town name by which Wyoming was then known) "legally warned and held August 1. 1775.

Mr. John Jenkins was chosen Moderator for ye work of ye day.

Voted, That this town does now vote that they will strictly observe and follow ye rules and regulations of ye Honorable Continental Congress, now sitting in Philadelphia.

Resolved, by this town, that they are willing to make any accommodations with ye Pennsylvania party that shall conduce to ye best good of ye whole, not infringing on the



property of any person, and come in common cause of Liberty in ye defense of America, and that we will amicably give them ye offer of joining in ye proposals as soon as may be.

Voted, This meeting is adjourned until Tuesday, ye 8th day of this instant, August, at one of the clock in ye afternoon, at this place.

This meeting is opened and held by an adjournment, August the 8th, 1775.

Voted, That this town has but of late been incorporated and invested with the privileges of the law, both civil and military, and now in a capacity of acting in conjunction with our neighboring towns, within this and the other colonies, in opposing ye late measures adopted by Parliament to enslave America; also, this town having taken into consideration the late plan adopted by Parliament, of enforcing their several oppressive and unconstitutional acts of depriving us of our property, and of binding us in all cases, without exception, whether we consent or not, is considered by us highly injurious to American or English freedom; therefore, we do consent to and acquiesce in the late proceedings and advice of the Continental Congress, and do rejoice that those measures are adopted and so universally received throughout the continent, and in conformity to the eleventh article of the association, we do now appoint a committee to attentively observe the conduct of all persons within this town, touching the rules and regulations prescribed by the Honorable Continental Congress, AND WILL UNANIMOUSLY JOIN OUR BRETHREN IN AMERICA IN THE COMMON CAUSE OF DEFENDING OUR LIBERTY.

Voted, That Mr. John Jenkins, Joseph Shuman, Esq., Nathan Dennison, Esq., Mr. Obadiah Gore, Jr., and Lieutenant William Buck, be chosen a committee of correspondence for ye town of Westmoreland.

Voted, That Jonathan Fitch, Mr. Anderson Dana, Capt. Wm. McKarrachen, Mr. Caleb Spencer, Capt. Samuel Ransom, Lieut. George Dorrance, Mr. Asahel Buck, Mr. Stephen Harding, Mr. John Jenkins, Jr., Mr. Barilla Tyler, Jr., Mr. Elijah Witer, Mr. Nathan Kingsley, Mr. John Secord, and Mr. Robert Carr, be chosen a committee of inspection for ye town of Westmoreland."

The resolutions passed at both these town meetings

were drawn by their Moderator, and the meetings were called and held at his suggestion.

These proceedings cast the die for the settlers of Wyoming. They now girded their loins and immediately commenced putting themselves in readiness to meet the responsibilities of their position.

These terms of compromise, thus offered by the settlers to the Pennsylvania claimants, were made known to them, and also to Congress. On the 4th of November following, Congress passed a resolution recommending the Pennsylvania claimants to accept of the terms proposed. Congress was supposed to speak the sentiments of the Pennsylvania party, and it was presumed that they would be governed in their action by its recommendations, and hence the settlers neither suspected nor feared any further difficulty in that direction. It appears, however, that the Pennsylvania party, supposing that the settlers, relying on the just recommendations of Congress, would have all their suspicions lulled to rest, and would be unprepared to meet and successfully combat a stealthy attack, set in motion a force of seven hundred men to make a secret expedition against Wyoming. Intelligence of this movement being received in Philadelphia, Congress immediately, on the 20th of December, 1775, resolved, "that it is the opinion of this Congress, and it is accordingly recommended, that the contending parties immediately cease all hostilities, and avoid every appearance of force until the dispute can be legally decided, etc."

These recommendations, however wise and just, were all unheeded by the highwayman Plunket, who had charge of the expedition. He was thirsting for plunder, and was not to be choked off in this way. With the order of the Governor of Pennsylvania in his pocket, he hastened his movement "to expel the Connecticut settlers from Wyoming." Well supplied with arms, provisions and military stores, loaded on a large boat, he marched with his force, called a "posse," from Fort Augusta, in the early part of

December, accompanied by William Cook, Sheriff of Northumberland county, to give the movement the appearance of a civil proceeding.

The progress of his force was necessarily regulated by the movement of the boat containing their provisions and stores, and as the boat had to be propelled against the current, very much impeded by floating ice, the expedition did not reach Nanticoke falls, at the lower end of the Valley, until the 24th of December. Here Plunket left his boat, loaded his men with provisions and ammunition, and started on foot for an attack upon the settlements above. Their route lay on the west side of the river. They had not proceeded a mile when they observed before them a ridge of rocks, presenting to them a precipitous front, rising from a foot or two high near the river to a point 800 feet high on the mountain. Behind defenses built on this ridge, were posted the settlers to the number of about 300, waiting the advance of Plunket. Each side had skirmishers out, and considerable skirmishing was done, in which some were killed on both sides. As Plunket approached, the settlers arose and discharged a volley of musketry which threw Plunket's force into disorder, and it at once retreated. An examination of this natural rampart showed it to be impregnable, and the expedition seemed utterly thwarted. Plunket, however, fell back on his boat, and taking a batteau which he had brought with him, commenced conveying his troops across the river.

The settlers, foreseeing that some move of this kind might be made, had stationed men there under Lieutenant Stewart to prevent it. As the boat neared the shore it was fired into and one man killed, when the others, including Plunket, lay down flat in the boat and suffered it to float down the river over the falls. The troops on the western shore discharged a volley into the bushes whence the firing proceeded and killed one of the settlers named Bowen. Plunket at once retreated and abandoned his enterprise.

At a town meeting held March 10, 1776:

“Voted, That the first man that shall make fifty weight



of good saltpetre, in this town, shall be entitled to a bounty of ten pounds lawful money, to be paid out of the town treasury."

Mrs. Bethiah Jenkins, wife of Lieutenant John Jenkins, says the women took up their floors, dug out the earth, put it in casks, and ran water through it, as ashes are leached. They then took ashes, in another cask, and made ley, mixed the water from the earth with the ley, boiled it, set it out to cool, and the saltpetre rose to the surface. Charcoal and sulphur were then pounded and mixed with the saltpetre, and powder was thus produced for the public defense — Miner, p. 212.

John Jenkins, representative from Wyoming to the Connecticut Assembly, at May sessions, 1776, obtained liberty to erect a powder mill at Westmoreland.

At the first news of the conflict at Concord and Lexington many of the young men of Wyoming hastened to join the Colonial forces, near Boston, to resist the encroachments of the British government and maintain their liberties, and some of them arrived in time to take part and fall in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Later, and during the winter of 1775-6, a number removed their families back to Connecticut, and thence proceeded to join the army under Washington.

Col. Wisner, of Orange county, New York, visited the Valley for the purpose of obtaining recruits. Lieut. Obadiah Gore, with twenty or thirty others, marched under Wisner to the field of conflict.

On the 4th of July, 1776, Congress, after due deliberation, declared the Colonies independent of the British crown.

The people everywhere burned with enthusiasm to sustain the action of Congress, but nowhere more fervently than at Wyoming, as their acts and the proceedings of their meetings show.

At a town meeting held at Wilkes-Barre, August 24, 1776, Col. Z. Butler, Moderator for ye work of ye day :

"Voted, As the opinion of this meeting, that it now becomes necessary for the inhabitants of this town to erect suitable forts, as a defense against our common enemy.

That this meeting do recommend it to the people, to proceed forthwith in building said forts, WITHOUT EITHER FEE OR REWARD FROM YE TOWN."

In pursuance of this vote, John Jenkins, Stephen Harding, the Gardners, their relatives, with their friends, proceeded to build a stockade around the house of John Jenkins, which was called "Jenkins' Fort." This was in Exeter township, now West Pittston, about ten or twelve rods above the northwest end of the Pittston ferry bridge.

Elisha Scovell and some other inhabitants of Exeter township, joined with the Wintermoots, the Van Alstyines, and others, from Montague township, Sussex county, New Jersey, in building a fort a mile or more below, on the brow of the plain, where a fine spring flowed from the foot of the hill forming the plain, which was named "Wintermoot Fort."

The inhabitants of Kingston erected a fort, an acre or more in extent, on the west bank of the Susquehanna, in that township, in the town plot, near the centre of the town, which was named "Forty Fort," from the fact that the township was originally settled by forty proprietors and divided equally amongst them.

Upper Wilkes-Barre had its fort just above the mouth of Mill Creek, built to guard and control the mills erected on that stream, called "Wilkes-Barre Fort."

There was a fort in the town plot of Wilkes-Barre, situate on the river bank just below South street, called "Wyoming Fort."

The inhabitants of Hanover erected a block-house on the bank of the river, some three miles below Wilkes-Barre, called "Stewart's Block-house." Shawnee, or Plymouth, had only a pretence for a fort.

Besides these was the stockade at Pittston, on the east side of the river, nearly opposite Jenkins Fort. This was a

place of some strength and importance. The people of Pittston and its neighborhood all sought protection within its ample space and behind its rugged log structures.

While these proceedings were being had at Wyoming, Congress had her attention turned to that locality, as appears by the following proceedings of that body :

"Friday, August 23, 1776. Resolved, That two companies, on the Continental establishment, be raised in the town of Westmoreland, and *stationed in proper places for the defense of the inhabitants of said town, and parts adjacent*, till further order of Congress; the commissioned officers of the said two companies to be immediately appointed by Congress.

That the pay of the men to be raised as aforesaid, commence when they are armed and mustered, and that they be liable to serve in any part of the United States, when ordered by Congress.

That the said troops be enlisted to serve during the war, unless sooner discharged by Congress."

August 26th Congress proceeded to the election of sundry officers, when Robert Durkee and Samuel Ransom were elected Captains of the two companies ordered to be raised in the town of Westmoreland; James Welles and Perrin Ross, First Lieutenants; Asahel Buck and Simon Spalding, Second Lieutenants, and Herman Swift and Matthias Holtenback, Ensigns of said companies.

Early in September information was received of the resolutions of Congress, and rendezvous for the enlistment of men on the terms proposed, were opened by Captain Durkee on the east, and Captain Ransom on the west side of the Susquehanna.

These companies of Durkee and Ransom had been already in existence for some time, and had tendered their services to Congress, but they had not their full quota, as required, and some little delay was necessary that the requisite number might be raised. Some change in the officers was made, Lieut. Buck resigned his position, and John Jenkins, Jr., was appointed in his place.



On the 17th of September the two companies completed their quota and were mustered into the service of Congress, and were known as the "Two Independent Companies of Westmoreland."

At a meeting of the Connecticut Assembly, in October, 1776, an act was passed for raising a military company in the town of Westmoreland, to be a part of the 24th Regiment of Connecticut Militia, of which company Solomon Strong was appointed Captain; Obadiah Gore, Jr., First Lieutenant, and John Jenkins, Jr., Second Lieutenant.

As has been stated, Lieut. Gore had gone with a body of men, under Col. Wisner, and Lieut. Jenkins had joined Capt. Durkee's company, before their appointments were made by Connecticut.

We thus see how actively and earnestly our people had engaged in the struggle against their oppressors, and to maintain the declaration of Congress.

But the enemy were quite as active.

The American army, under General Washington, pursued by an overwhelming force, was driven from Long Island, and, on the 15th of September, 1776, New York was taken possession of by the British.

On the 16th, Fort Washington fell into their hands. Washington was retreating before them from post to post through New Jersey, and on the 8th of December he crossed the Delaware.

Congress immediately took measures to retire from Philadelphia to Baltimore.

At this moment of excitement and imminent peril, they resolved "That the two companies raised in the town of Westmoreland be ordered to join General Washington  
"WITH ALL POSSIBLE EXPEDITION."

They then adjourned amidst the utmost trepidation, to meet in Baltimore on the 20th.

The two Wyoming companies promptly obeyed the

orders, and before the end of the year reached the place of rendezvous.

About three weeks afterward, or on the 20th of January, 1777, they took part in the battle of Millstone, and for their brave and gallant conduct on that occasion, received the thanks of their commanding officers, in general orders. They were afterward in the actions at Bound Brook at Brandywine, at Germantown, and at Mud Fort. They were decimated by disease and the casualties of war, each company losing more than one-fourth of its original number.

The general campaign of 1777 opened amidst gloom and despondency for the American cause. Gen. Burgoyne, with a large and powerful army was descending from the north, along Lake Champlain and the Hudson, and Howe was moving up that river to join him, hoping thereby to sever the Eastern Colonies from the Middle and Southern. The Indians had, until this time, remained, in a great measure, quiescent, but they were seduced from their partial neutrality, and, on the 20th of June, at Boquet river, taken into full service of the British, by Gen. Burgoyne, and a market was opened by him for human scalps, at ten dollars for each, that the Indians might gather in their work of desolation and death.

The Tories, also, were roused up to join with the British and Indians in their bloody work, and it now became evident that besides the regular warfare that might be expected from civilized nations, the frontiers would be everywhere overrun by the Indians and their more savage allies, the Tories, and would become one long line of conflagration, devastation and death.

This state of affairs soon began to be felt at Wyoming, and a system of guards and scouts was established and regularly kept up among the settlers, to watch the Indian paths and the movements of the Tories—a number of the latter living on the northern border of the settlement. It was soon ascertained that communication was kept up by the Tories,

residing at Tunkhannock and above, with the Indians about Tioga, Chemung and Newtown.

In the fall of 1777, many of the settlers on the river above Wyoming, who had moved into that locality from the Delaware, and from New York and lower Pennsylvania, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania government, began to give manifest evidence of their sympathy with the British crown, and of opposition to the American cause.

In October, Lieut. Asa Stevens was detailed on a scout by the committee of inspection, with nine men, who returned bringing in five suspected persons as prisoners. In the latter part of November, Lieut. John Jenkins, while out on a scout, at Wyalusing, was betrayed by the Tories into the hands of a body of Indians that infested that locality, and was taken by the latter to Fort Niagara. Upon report of this fact at Wyoming, Col. Nathan Denison, of the 24th Connecticut Regiment of militia, organized his little force and prepared to march into that locality. He reported that on the 20th of December, being informed that a band of Tories were forming on the north and westward of said town of Westmoreland, in order to stir up the Indians of Tioga, to join said Tories and kill and destroy the inhabitants of Connecticut, he ordered part of his regiment to be immediately equipped and marched to suppress the conspirators. The party marched about 80 miles up the river and took several Tories, (about 30), and happily contented the Tioga Indians, and entirely disbanded the conspirators. Eighteen of these prisoners were sent to Connecticut, where "they were received and treated as prisoners of war, having been taken in arms against the United States."—See the War of the American Revolution, p. 313-600.

About the 13th of February, 1778, Amos York and Lemuel Fitch were taken prisoners from the same locality, and hurried off to Niagara. Richard Fitzgerald was cap-



tured at the same time, but being an old man, they discharged him.

The prisoners, captured by the Indians and Tories, were kept at Niagara all winter, among a camp of British, Indians and Tories, of the most brutal and degraded character. Many of the latter were from the Susquehanna, above Wyoming, and hence bore a particular enmity to the prisoners, who, from this cause, suffered many hardships and injuries from the hands of their captors and keepers.

The force wintering at Niagara had, a great part of it at least, been with Gen. St. Leger, in his attack on Fort Schuyler, in August, previous, and, in consequence of their defeat there by the American forces, under Col. Gansevoort, were greatly exasperated, and for this reason, were exceedingly venomous and cruel in their treatment of the prisoners in their charge.

They received neither clothes, shoes, blankets, shelter nor fire, were kept starved for provisions—and what they received was of the worst kind, such as spoiled flour, biscuit full of maggots and mouldy. The Indians would crowd around them with knives in their hands, and feel of them, to know who was fattest. They dragged one of the prisoners out of the guard, with the most lamentable cries, tortured him for a long time, and both the Indians and the Tories said they ate him, as it appears they did another on an Island in Lake Ontario.

DeVeaux says of this terrible place—

“Niagara was the headquarters of all that was barbarous, unrelenting and cruel. There were congregated the leaders and chiefs of those bands of murderers and miscreants who carried death and destruction into the remote American settlements. There civilized Europe revelled with savage America, and ladies of education and refinement mingled in the society of those whose only distinction was to wield the tomahawk and the bloody scalping-knife. There were the squaws of the forest raised to

“eminence, and the most unholy alliances between them  
 “and officers of the highest rank smiled upon and counte-  
 “nanced. There in this stronghold, like a nest of vultures,  
 “securely, for seven years, they sallied forth and preyed  
 “upon the distant settlements of the Mohawk and Susque-  
 “hanna Valleys. It was the depot of their plunder; there  
 “they planned their forays, and there they returned to feast  
 “until the time for action should come again.”

It was amid such people and such scenes as these that our prisoners spent the winter, and of which they each and all suffered their full share. Leaving our prisoners here for the winter, let us see how affairs were progressing at Wyoming.

We have learned, as has been already stated, that nearly all the able-bodied men were away in the service of their country. The remaining population, in dread of the savages and their allies, were building six forts, or stockades, requiring great labor, and “without fee or reward.” The whole available force was formed into train-bands, guards, scouts, &c., and in constant active service. The small-pox pestilence was in every district, and no remedy or means then known, could arrest its spread or stay its virulence.

“At a town meeting, legally warned, holden December 30, 1777.

John Jenkins was chosen Moderator for ye work of ye day.

Voted, by this town, That the Committee of Inspection be empowered to supply the sogers’ wives and the sogers’ widows, and their families, with the necessaries of life.”

Miner says of this vote—

“Let it be engraved on plates of silver! Let it be  
 “printed in letters of gold! Challenge Rome, in her Repub-  
 “lican glory, or Greece, in her Democratic pride, to produce,  
 “circumstances considered, an act more generous or noble!

“Justice and gratitude demand a tribute to the praise-  
 “worthy spirit of the wives and daughters of Wyoming.  
 “While their husbands and fathers were away on public

“duty, they cheerfully assumed a large portion of the labor which females could do. They assisted to plant, made the hay, husked and garnered the corn and gathered the harvest. They threshed the wheat, or shelled the corn, and ground it in mortars with pestles, or putting it in a bag across a horse, would get on top, and taking the youngest child in their arms, would thus convey it to the nearest mill, sometimes a distance of ten miles, waiting till it was ground, that they might have bread for their children on their return home.”—Miner, p. 212.

The year 1778 brought great distrust and fear to the frontiers generally, but particularly to Wyoming. The defeat and surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga had left the British without sufficient available force in America to carry on a regular campaign for that year, and, as the war was to be continued, the only resource left to the British government and her commanders, was to employ the Indians and Tories almost exclusively, in carrying on a war of desolation on the frontier. This was their declared policy, and it was at once suspected and feared that Wyoming would be among the first to be attacked, for none were so hated and exposed as the people on the Susquehanna. They had been among the first to declare against British usurpations, and had been the most active and earnest in supplying men and means to support that declaration.

The position was known to be, in a measure, defenseless, and far removed from immediate support, and their situation seemed to invite rather than repel the design of an invasion. A portion of the enemy, particularly the Tories who had settled up the river under the Proprietary government, were exasperated by the efforts of the people in the cause of independence, and their careful watchfulness of the movements of all not co-operating with them, and especially by the arrest of some of their number, who had betrayed certain of them and delivered them into the hands of the enemy, and it was strongly suspected that they would incite

a movement against Wyoming, if it were possible to do so.

It was known early in the spring of 1778, that a large force was collecting at Niagara, for the purpose of laying waste the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Virginia and New York; and as early as February, General Schuyler wrote to Congress to inform them that such was his belief. In March he wrote again to Congress, saying: "A number of Mohawks, "and many of the Onondagoes, Cayugas, and Senecas, will "commence hostilities against us as soon as they can. It "would be prudent, therefore, early to take measures to "carry the war into their country. It would require no "greater body of troops to destroy their towns than to "protect the frontier inhabitants."

In this state of affairs, the people of the frontiers appealed to Congress for forces for their protection. The people of Wyoming in particular, represented to Congress the threatening situation of their locality, and made an earnest appeal for aid. Moved by their entreaties, Congress came to the rescue of Wyoming, in the following remarkable resolution:

"March 16, 1778. Resolved, That one full company of foot be raised in the town of Westmoreland, on the east branch of the Susquehanna, for the defense of the said town and the settlements on the frontier in the neighborhood thereof against the Indians and the enemies of these States: the said company to be enlisted to serve one year from the time of their enlisting, unless sooner discharged by Congress; AND THAT THE SAID COMPANY FIND THEIR OWN ARMS, ACCOUTREMENTS AND BLANKETS."—*Journal of Congress*, vol. iv, p. 113.

It would not be difficult to estimate just how much this resolution of Congress added to the effective force at Wyoming. It was equivalent to a suggestion of this sort: Wyoming has appealed to Congress for help. She needs help, undoubtedly. Let her help herself. She has the permission of Congress to do so: provided she builds her own forts, and furnishes "HER OWN ARMS, ACCOUTREMENTS AND



BLANKETS," and defends the settlements on the frontier in her neighborhood.

If there was ever a case in which the asking for bread and receiving a stone was exhibited in all its enormity and ungratefulness, more than in this, history has refused to record it.

This fact will stand out more prominently when it is understood that the Wyoming people had exhausted all their means and force, available for active service, in fitting up and sending out the companies of Durkee and Ransom, in addition to those who had gone back to Connecticut and entered the service there, and those who had under Lieut. Gore joined Col. Wisner's regiment.

This astonishing magnanimity of Congress was not satisfactory to the people of Wyoming. Having received intelligence of a meditated attack upon them, they again informed Congress—that same Congress—of the threatening danger, and their exposed and defenseless position, and prayed that the two Wyoming companies of Durkee and Ransom might be returned home, to guard and protect them through the impending peril. They felt that there should be no difficulty about this demand being granted, as those companies had been raised for the express purpose of defending their homes, and by the resolution of Congress, were to be "*stationed in proper places, for the defense of the inhabitants of said town and parts adjacent.*"

When called upon, however, to go on the distant service of the Republic, in an hour of peril, and leave their homes defenseless, they marched with the utmost alacrity, not a murmur was heard, for every man felt that the case was one of urgency and imperious necessity, and not one of them, or those they left defenseless behind, entertained a doubt but that the agreement, "to be stationed in proper places, to defend their homes," would be religiously observed, and, when occasion required, they would be ordered back to the Valley.

But there was undoubtedly an influence at work on Congress, looking more to private advantage than public good, whose purpose would be better subserved by the destruction of the settlement at Wyoming, than by its preservation. That influence prevailed, and Wyoming was left to the fate that they knew so immediately impended over her devoted people.

A few straggling Indians and Tories, lurking about the settlement, pretending to be friendly, had been closely watched by the settlers, and they had become fully satisfied that the presence of these strangers boded no good, but that their designs were evil, and mischief was meditated for Wyoming.

In the midst of the fear, the doubt, and uncertainty that prevailed among the people, Lieut. John Jenkins appeared upon the scene, having escaped from his captors and returned home. He, with York and Fitch, had been taken by the Indians early in April to Montreal, where the British authorities discharged York and Fitch, they not having been found in arms, were not considered as properly prisoners of war. They were put on board a British transport, to be conveyed to some point in New England, for release. Fitch died of a fever on the voyage; York survived until he reached the residence of his father-in-law, Manassah Miner, in Voluntown, Conn., where he was taken sick, and died eleven days before his family reached there, in their flight from Wyoming, after the massacre. He died believing that his family had all been cut off in that massacre, as they had been delayed on the way by sickness.

Lieut. Jenkins was taken by the Indians from Montreal to Albany, to be exchanged for an Indian chief who was a prisoner at that place, in the hands of the Americans. When the party arrived at Albany, the chief, for whom he was to be exchanged, had died of the small-pox. They refused to exchange him for any other prisoner, but retained him, to take him to Seneca Castle, to be disposed of by the

Grand Council of the nation, which they expected would be gathered at that place, by the time they should arrive there.

On the fourth night after the party left Albany, the prisoner, by the aid of a young chief, with whom a strong friendship had existed from almost the first period of his captivity, made his escape, and arrived at home on the 2d of June.

He brought information that the great mass of the Tories from up the river had wintered at Niagara with the Indians and British, that they had been insolent and abusive, had threatened to return in the spring, bring the Indians with them, drive the settlers off, and take possession of the country themselves; that a plan of this sort had been concerted at Niagara before he left there. This was the first reliable information the settlers had received of the threatened invasion of Wyoming, although it was known, much earlier, that an invasion of the frontiers somewhere, was to be made from Niagara, by the combined force of British, Indians and Tories that had wintered in that locality, and from the conduct of the straggling Tories and Indians, to which we have alluded, it was strongly suspected that Wyoming and its neighborhood would be the objective point.

The story of Lieut. Jenkins confirmed the worst suspicions of the settlers, and they became aroused to the danger of their situation.

An express was immediately sent to Washington and to Congress, to inform them of the certainty of the invasion, and to ask that the companies of Durkee and Ransom be immediately sent to Wyoming, together with such additional force as could be spared for the occasion.

Capt. Hewitt, who had been appointed to enlist the new company, under the resolution of Congress, which has been given, and who were to furnish their own "ARMS ACCOUTREMENTS AND BLANKETS," was immediately sent up the river on a scout.

On the 5th of June, there was an alarm from Indians,

and six white men, Tories, coming in the neighborhood of Tunkhannock, about twenty-five miles up the river from Wyoming, and taking Elisha Wilcox, Pierce and some others prisoners, and robbing and plundering the inhabitants of the neighborhood.

News of this incursion was brought to the Valley on the night of the 6th, and on the 7th, although Sunday, the inhabitants set to work to complete and strengthen their fortifications.

On the 7th, there was an alarm from Shawnee. For a week or more after this, there appeared to be a lull in the storm at Wyoming, a calm such as often preceeds a violent tempest, but it raged with great fierceness in other quarters.

The forces that wintered at Niagara and in Western New York, in pursuance of orders issued by Col. Guy Johnson, assembled at Kanadaseago, or Seneca Castle, early in May, and from this point sallied forth in divisions to carry on their hellish work. Although the objective point was Wyoming, yet they were to divide their forces into parties and attack different points, lay them waste, spread terror, consternation and death on every hand, that their ultimate destination might not be known, and no force of sufficient size to offer successful resistance be concentrated against them: and by dividing their force and sending it into different localities, they would be the better able to learn the strength and direction of any force which might be sent to oppose them. Capt. Joseph Brant, or Thayendenegea, with his Mohawks, some Senecas, Seoharries and Oquagos, went by way of the outlet of the Cayuga Lake and the head waters of the Mohawk, and arrived in the vicinity of Cherry Valley about the 25th of May. His mission, with his destructives there, was to lay waste that place. He secreted them on Lady Hill, about a mile east of the fort, to await a favorable opportunity to strike the fatal blow, and slay or capture its occupants.



A company of boys happened to be training, for boys caught the martial spirit of the times, as Brant, like the eagle from his eyrie, was looking down from his hiding place, upon the devoted hamlet, seeking his prey. Mistaking these miniature soldiers for armed men, he deferred the attack for a more favorable opportunity.

After killing Lieut. Wormwood, a promising young officer, from Palatine, who had left the fort but a few minutes before, on horseback, and taking Peter Sitz, his comrade, prisoner, Brant directed his steps to Cobleskill.—Sims' Seoharrie, p. 28. Border Warfare, p. 126.

On the 1st day of June, was fought the battle of Cobleskill. The Indian forces, commanded by Brant, amounted to about three hundred and fifty. The American forces, commanded by Cpts. Patrick and Brown, amounted to about fifty. The battle was mostly in the woods, and both parties fought in the Indian style, under cover of trees. Of the American force, twenty-two were slain and their scalps borne off in triumph, among them Capt. Patrick. Six were wounded and two made prisoners. The Indians had about an equal number killed.—Sims—Campbell—Stone, p. 353.

From here, Brant, after committing a few further depredations in that quarter, led his forces to Tioga, where he joined the main body of the army, marching to the invasion of Wyoming.

At the same time that Brant started on his expedition, from Kanadasago, Major John Butler, commonly called and known as Col. Butler, being at that time, however, only a major, with the British and Tories, amounting to about four hundred, and a party of Indians, under Gucingerachton and Kayingwaurto, both Seneca chiefs, amounting to about four hundred, passed up Seneca Lake and proceeded to Chemung and Tioga, at which point Butler and Kayingwaurto engaged in preparing boats for transporting themselves and their baggage down the Susquehanna.

A considerable body of Indians, under Gucingerachton,

were detached at Knawaholee, or Newtown, and sent across the country to strike the West Branch of the Susquehanna and lay it waste, while the boats were being prepared, and Brant should rejoin the main party with his forces.

Gueingerachton, with his party, arrived on the West Branch near the mouth of Bald Eagle creek, on the 16th of May, and at once commenced his work of death and desolation. He continued at this work, overrunning the whole line of the lower West Branch, until the 10th of June. He and his savage horde swept that whole region as with the besom of destruction, and the final catastrophe in the bloody work occurred on this latter day.

Meginness says—

“This was indeed a bloody day. The savages glutted themselves with murder and plunder, and retired in triumph. A gloomy pall seemed to have fallen over the infant settlement, and weeping and wailing were heard on every hand. Children were murdered before their parents’ eyes; husbands were compelled to witness the horrid deaths of their wives, and in turn, children were compelled to gaze upon the mangled bodies of their parents. Neither age, sex, nor condition were spared; the wails of helpless infants, the imploring cries of defenseless women, failed to awaken a chord of pity in the adamant bosom of the tawny savage. He laughed their pitiful appeals to scorn, and with a fiendish grin of pleasure, plied the knife, and tore the reeking scalps from their heads.”

The harvest of scalps they reaped in these fields counts up to forty-five—add to these a large number of prisoners, and a vast amount of plunder, and we have (Otzinachson, p. 211, etc.) a slight account of the work done.

It will readily be seen, from these facts, what the scope of the Indian warfare for 1778 embraced. The whole frontier was aglow with fire, desolation and death, beneath the fagot, tomahawk, rifle and scalping-knife of the Indians, and

their cruel and implacable allies, the British and Tories.

Our narrative now returns to Wyoming, for this is becoming the gathering point of all these scattered parties. A glance shows at once that the storm is gathering, dark and fearful, in that direction, boding death and destruction through all its borders.

On the 12th of June, William Crooks and Asa Budd went up the river to a place some two miles above Tunkhannock, on the west side of the river, formerly occupied by a Tory named John Secord, one of the committee of inspection appointed August 8, 1775, who had been absent at Niagara since the fall before. Crooks was fired upon by a party of Indians and killed.

On the 17th, a party of six men, from Jenkins' Fort, in two canoes, went up the river to observe the movements of the enemy. The party in the forward canoe landed about six miles below Tunkhannock, on the west side of the river, opposite LaGrange, or Osterhout, and ascended the bank. They saw an armed force of Indians and Tories running toward them. They gave the alarm, returned to their canoe, and endeavored to get behind an island to escape the fire of the enemy, which was being poured in upon them. The canoe, in which were Miner Robbins, Joel Phelps and Stephen Jenkins, was fired upon and Robbins killed and Phelps wounded. Jenkins escaped unhurt, although his paddle was shot through and shivered to pieces in his hands. In the party that fired upon the canoe was Elijah Phelps, the brother of Joel and brother-in-law of Robbins.

Capt. Hewitt, with a scouting party, went up the river on the 26th, and returned on the 30th of June with news that there was a large party up the river.

At Jenkins' Fort, the uppermost in the Valley, and but little over a mile above Wintermoot Fort, there were gathered the families of the old patriots, John Jenkins, Esq., and Captain Stephen Harding, the Hadsalls, John Gardner,

and others, distinguished for zeal in their country's cause. Not apprised of the contingency of the savages, on the morning of the 30th of June, before Captain Hewitt's return, Benjamin Harding, Stukley Harding, Stephen Harding, Jr., John Gardner and a boy named Rogers, about eleven years of age, James Hadsall and his sons, James and John, the latter a boy, with his sons-in-law, Ebenezer Reynolds and Daniel Carr, together with Daniel Wallen and a negro, named Quoeko, a servant of William Martin—twelve in all, went up the river about five or six miles into Exeter, to their several labors, some of them, particularly Benjamin and Stukley Harding, taking their arms. The Hardings, with Gardner and the boy Rogers, worked in the cornfield of Stephen Harding, Jr.; the Hadsalls and the others, part in Hadsall's cornfield, on an island, part in his tanyard, close at hand, on the main land.

Towards evening, Michael Showers, or Shores, and Jacob Anguish, or Ankers, two well-known Tories, came to Stephen Harding's cornfield, and told them they might call in their sentries and they would stand guard for them. Suspecting them of treachery, and that danger threatened, Stephen went at once to get the horses and make for home. When the Tories saw what Stephen was doing, they left to give information to the Indians and Tories, who were not far off in a large body.

When Stephen returned with the horses, near to where he had left his brothers, he saw that they had quit work and passed on down the river towards a deer-lick.

On the way down was a deep, narrow ravine, through which a small brook found its way to the river. In this ravine, a body of Indians and Tories had concealed themselves, waiting their coming. This spot is in the neighborhood of the new Baptist meeting house, between that and the river. As the party was passing this point, the savages fired upon them, wounding both Benjamin and Stukley. They returned the fire, and then quite a contest ensued.



The Indians rushed upon them with spears and tomahawks, and they clubbed their guns and fought bravely and furiously, resisting until they fell, pierced through with spears, and were hacked and cut to pieces with the tomahawks. John Gardner was taken prisoner. Having no arms, he took no part in the fight.

That the Hardings fought bravely was attested by the enemy, as well as by the terrible condition of their bodies when found. In the meantime, a party of the Indians had captured the elder James Hadsall, his son-in-law, Carr, and the negro, at the tannery, which was situated just above the mouth of the creek.

Those on the island came off in their canoes, and as they were ascending the bank, a party of savages, lying in wait, fired upon them, shooting James Hadsall down and wounding Reynolds, who fled with Wallen, to the woods. John Hadsall, the boy, remained behind fastening the canoe. Upon hearing the firing he plunged into a thicket of willows and drift that overhung the waters near by. The Indians, missing one from the party in the canoe, went to the river to search for him. One of them walked out on a log just over where he was hid, but did not discover him. He could see the Indian's eyes as he peered about to find him. After night set in, he ventured out of his hiding place, and made his way back to the fort, arriving after midnight. He was the first to arrive and bring news of the fate of his companions to their waiting, anxious friends.

The elder Hadsall, Gardner, Carr and the negro were taken up Sutton's creek about a mile or two, to what is known as the Bailey farm, where Hadsall and the negro were put to death by the most insulting, lingering and excruciating tortures, giving a most delightful evening's entertainment to Major Butler and his demoniac crew; the Indians and Tories being the actors in the horrible drama, the Tories in particular displaying a lively relish in the performance of their several parts.

Stephen Harding, Jr., with the boy Rogers, Reynolds and Wallen, fled through the woods, and after wandering all night, succeeded in reaching the fort next morning.

Intelligence of this affair was at once communicated to all parts of the Valley, and the utmost alarm and consternation prevailed.

Col. Zebulon Butler, of the Continental army, then at home on leave, being solicited, assumed command of the settlers. On the 1st of July, he, Col. Nathan Denison, and Lieut.-Colonel George Dorrance, with all the forces at command, at that time, marched from Forty Fort to Exeter, a distance of eleven miles, where the murder of the preceding day had been perpetrated, with the design of punishing the guilty parties.

The two Hardings were found where they had fallen, from appearance they must have contended to the last, for their arms and faces were much cut and several spearholes were made through their bodies. They were scalped and otherwise mutilated. Two Indians who were watching near the dead bodies, expecting that friends might come to take them away, and that they might obtain other victims, were shot—one where he sat, the other in the river, to which he had fled. Zebulon Marcy's rifle, it was supposed, killed one of them, and subsequently he was waylaid and hunted for several years; a brother of one of the Indians killed swearing he would have revenge.

The bodies of the Hardings were brought down to Jenkins' Fort, washed and decently buried in the Jenkins' graveyard, near the fort, where Elisha Harding, Esq., their brother, caused a stone to be erected to their memory, with this inscription: "Sweet be the sleep of those who prefer "liberty to slavery."

The borough of West Pittston has the distinguished honor of having these sacred relics repose within her bounds. They should be cherished and cared for by every true

patriot. A fitting monument should be erected to mark their resting place.

John Gardner, taken at the time the Hardings were killed, was a husband, the father of five children, and a highly respectable man. On the morning of the 4th, his wife and children were permitted to see him. The interview was extremely affecting. He was chained to a log, and near by lay a heavy pack of plunder which he was expected to carry. The last adieu was exchanged, and they parted to meet no more. When his captors were ready to go, they put a rope around his neck, placed the pack on his back, and led him off as they would a beast of burden. He held out until they arrived in the neighborhood of Geneva, N. Y., where, exhausted by his journey, and crushed by the weight of his load, he fell to the earth, when he was handed over to the squaws, who tortured him to death. They piled up wood and brush about him, stuck him full of pine knots, set fire to them, and thus ended his life.

Daniel Carr, a fellow prisoner, saw the remains the following day, and represented it as a sight to awaken the deepest pity.

The enemy, numbering about two hundred British Provincials, and about two hundred Tories, from Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey, under the command of Major John Butler, and Capt. Caldwell, of Sir John Johnson's Royal Greens, and about five hundred Indians, commanded by Kayingwaurto, a Seneca chief, and Capt. Joseph Brant, a Mohawk, descended the Susquehanna river in boats, and landed near the mouth of Bowman's creek, where they remained some time, waiting for the West Branch party to join them. This party consisted, as before stated, of about two hundred Indians, under the command of Gueingerachton, a Seneca chief. After the junction of all the forces, numbering altogether about eleven hundred, they moved forward to the invasion of Wyoming. They left the largest of their boats, and with the lighter ones passed on down to

the "Three Islands," five or six miles below, laying them up in Keeler's eddy, about fifteen miles from the Valley.

From this point they marched overland, and encamped on the evening of the 30th of June, on Sutton's creek, about two miles from where the Hardings were killed.

On the 1st of July, while the settlers were marching up the river to bring down the dead bodies of the Harding's, and if possible, chastise their murderers, the enemy were marching toward the Valley, by a route back of the mountain, which lay between them and the route the settlers took in marching up and returning. They arrived and encamped on the side of the mountain bounding the Valley on the north-west, at a point directly opposite Wintermoot Fort. Parties from the enemy passed in and out of Wintermoot Fort the same night. On the morning of the 2d, the gates of the fort were thrown wide open to the enemy, and possession taken by them. It was said that the inmates of the fort consisted chiefly of Tories, who treacherously surrendered it to the enemy. This became their headquarters while they remained in the Valley.

The evening of the 2d, a detachment, under the command of Capt. Caldwell, was sent to reduce Jenkins' Fort. Originally, the garrison consisted of seventeen, mostly old men, six of whom, Miner Robbins, the two Hardings, two Hadsalls and the negro were slain, and three made prisoners; two, Phelps and Reynolds, wounded; Samuel Morgan, sick, and two lame, so that no means of resistance being left, the stockade capitulated on honorable terms.

During all this day the settlers were engaged in gathering all the force they could command, with their women and children, at Forty Fort, and the other forts, chiefly the former, about four miles below Wintermoot Fort.

It was a day of alarm, excitement and terror; a day of



preparation, running to and fro, fleeing and seeking shelter from impending wrath and death.

3d JULY, 1778.

Let us look at the position of affairs as they existed on the 3d of July, 1778.

The upper part of the Valley, on the west side of the river, was in the hands of the enemy, numbering 1100 men, well armed and equipped, thirsting for conquest and blood.

So complete and effective was their possession, that no person had been able to pass their lines to give information of either their numbers, position or purpose.

Jenkins' Fort, on the Susquehanna, just above the west end of the Pittston Ferry Bridge, was in their possession, having capitulated the day before, but possession had not been taken until this morning.

Wintermoot Fort, situate on the bank of the plain, about a mile and a half below and about half a mile from the river, had been in their possession all the day before, and was used as their headquarters.

Forty Fort, some four miles further down the river, situate on the west bank of the Susquehanna river, was the largest and strongest fort in the Valley. Thither had fled all the people on the west side of the river, on the 1st and 2d, and this was to be the gathering point of the patriot band. The Wilkes-Barre and Pittston Forts were the gathering points for the people in their immediate neighborhood.

The forces, such as they were, were distributed throughout the Valley somewhat as follows :

The Kingston company, commanded by Capt. Aholiab Buck, numbering about forty men, was at Forty Fort.

The Shawnee company, commanded by Capt. Asaph Whittlesey, numbering about forty-four men, was at Forty Fort.

The Hanover company, commanded by Capt. Wm. McKarrachen, numbering about thirty, was at home, in Hanover.

The upper Wilkes-Barre company, commanded by Capt. Rezin Geer, numbering about thirty men, was at Wilkes-Barre.

The lower Wilkes-Barre company, commanded by Capt. James Bidlack, Jr., numbering about thirty-eight men, was at Wilkes-Barre.

The Pittston company, commanded by Capt. Jeremiah Blanchard, numbering about forty men, was at Pittston Fort.

The Huntington and Salem company, commanded by Capt. John Franklin, numbering about thirty-five men, was at home.

These were the militia, or train-bands, of the settlement, and included all who were able to bear arms, without regard to age. Old men and boys were enrolled in them.

Then there was Capt. Detrick Hewitt's company, formed and kept together under the resolution of Congress, to which reference has already been made.

Besides these, there were a number who were not enrolled in any of the companies, numbering about one hundred; and in addition, there were a number in the Valley who had been driven from the settlements up the river. Making altogether in the Valley, a force of men of all ages and boys, numbering about four hundred.

Notwithstanding the neglect which all their former appeals for aid had met with, a new appeal was made by the settlers when they learned the certainty and imminence of the danger that was threatening, and fast closing in about them. Again was an express sent to Washington and to Congress, informing them of the immediate presence of the enemy and of the imminent peril which threatened, requesting the aid of their two companies, with such additional force as could be sent; but there was so much hesitancy in deciding, and so much delay in letting the companies go after the decision was made, that Captains Durkee and Ransom, and Lieutenants Welles and Ross, and some

others, resigned their commissions in disgust, and hurried home to the relief of their beleagured neighbors, friends and families.

The two Wyoming companies, largely reduced by disease and the casualties of war, were thereupon united and placed under the command of Simon Spalding, as Captain, raised to that position from a Lieutenantcy in Durkee's company. After a day or two's detention, this company alone was sent by a roundabout way to Wyoming.

Although Captains Durkee and Ransom, Lieutenants Ross, Welles, and some others, arrived before the march to battle, they could give no definite information as to when the company might be depended upon to arrive for their assistance.

Capt. Clingman, at the lower Fort Jenkins, thirty-five miles down the river, had been sent for by express, the urgency and danger of the situation made known to him, and his assistance, with his command, consisting of ninety men, earnestly solicited. There was not much hope or expectation of this company marching to their assistance, from the fact that it was a Pennsylvania company, feeling no interest in the salvation of the settlement, yet it was thought their humanity might prompt them to do their duty, and hence they might come to assist in driving back the savages and British.

On the 2d, Col. Denison had sent a messenger express to Capt. John Franklin and Lieut. Stoddard Bowen, to hurry forward to the scene of danger, with their Huntington and Salem company, without delay.

Col. Zebulon Butler was at Wilkes-Barre, putting everything in that neighborhood in a defensible position, and awaiting developments.

Such was the situation, when, on the morning of Friday, the 3d of July, Major John Butler sent a flag to Forty Fort, demanding an unconditional surrender of that fort, the public stores, and Capt. Hewitt's company, with a prom-

ise that he would, when in possession, give them good terms of capitulation, and with a threat that in case of refusal, he would move upon them at once in full force.

The demand was refused by Col. Denison, then in command, but the refusal was accompanied with a suggestion that he would like time and opportunity to consult with Col. Butler and other officers, who were not then present.

The flag was borne by Daniel Ingersoll, a prisoner, taken at Wintermoot Fort, who was accompanied by a Tory and an Indian, to serve both as guards and spies. They returned, bearing the refusal of surrender, and it was supposed that upon their return and report to Major Butler, he would immediately march upon them.

A messenger was forthwith despatched to Col. Butler, at Wilkes-Barre, informing him of the situation, and requesting his immediate presence with all the available force at command.

Col. Butler at once ordered the two Wilkes-Barre companies and the Hanover company, to march directly to Forty Fort. They promptly responded, and at one o'clock they were all at the place of rendezvous. Information had been sent to other parts of the Valley, for every man to hasten to Forty Fort, as an attack was hourly expected.

Immediately upon Col. Butler's arrival, a consultation of the officers was held, in which the situation was fully discussed. It was decided not to surrender, but to hold the fort at all hazards.

For the purpose of securing, by delays in negotiations, sufficient time to permit the arrival of Franklin and Spalding's companies, and possibly Clingman's, a flag was sent to Major Butler, for a conference with him, upon the subject of his demand of the morning. At the same time scouts were sent out to make reconnoissance, and learn, if possible, the strength and situation of the enemy, and watch his movements. In fact, such scouts had been out all the morning.



The flag had not proceeded half way to Major Butler's camp, when it was fired upon by prowling Indians and Tories, probably out as spies, and compelled to return. After consultation, another flag was sent out. It was also fired upon and compelled to return.

The scouts sent out returned with the news that they had not been able to get near enough to the British camp, to ascertain more than that they were still occupying the neighborhood of Wintermoot Fort, and that the Indians were prowling about in every direction, many of them moving down the Valley, capturing horses and cattle which were roaming about in the woods.

Other scouts were sent out, and it was resolved to try another flag. This had not proceeded far, when it was fired upon and compelled to return. Scouts that had been out returned with reports that the enemy were moving down toward the fort, and that their number was not greater than that in the fort.

It was at once resolved to go out and meet them, and, if possible, beat and drive them back, at least stay their progress of destruction down the Valley.

Accordingly, the force gathered at Forty Fort, numbering about four hundred, including old men and boys, marched out, at about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, to defend their homes and harvests against the invaders, leaving the fort, with a few old men and young boys, women and children, many of them sick, under the command of Lieut. John Jenkins. They marched from the fort in martial array, with the Stars and Stripes at their head, to the tune of "St. Patrick's day in the morning," played on the fife by a true son of Erin, and drums beating, and proceeded as far as Abraham's creek, at the point where the road now crosses it at the stone bridge, a little over a mile from the fort. Here on the hill a halt was made, and the party properly disposed to resist an attack.

The position was well chosen. The creek at this point

makes a complete elbow, round a hill which rises, abruptly, about twenty feet above the stream, largely protecting their right and front, while a branch of the stream and a marsh, on the left, covered that part of their force, and their rear was open for retreat to the fort, should that become necessary. The position was well calculated to be successfully held against a largely superior force, at least it gave them a great advantage in case of an attack upon them.

From this point a flag was again sent out, and other scouts, and their return awaited. This flag was also fired upon and returned. Scouts that had been previously sent out, had, by great skill and energy, succeeded in making a reconnoissance of the enemy, by passing along the foot of the mountains on the west of the Valley; but on their return, when in Western Wyoming, near the present site of Shoemaker's mills, were shot, one fatally: the other, slightly wounded, made his way back to headquarters. The information brought was to the effect that the enemy were in commotion, but what their design or which way they were moving, could not be told, but the supposition was they were preparing to leave the Valley. All the information gained was too indefinite and too slight to be of any use in judging of either the numbers or design of the enemy. All was doubt and uncertainty.

Speculations and discussion now began to arise as to the intent of the enemy. The march upon Forty Fort, which had been threatened by Major Butler in the morning, unless a surrender was made, had not taken place. What did it mean? Had the threat any meaning, or was it mere braggadocio? It was suggested that the invading force had been over estimated by the timid: that if Major Butler had the overwhelming force pretended, he would, long ere this, have put his threat in execution, instead of breaking camp and leaving the Valley, as now appeared most probable. What did it mean? Was it a mere threat to frighten, and thus evade pursuit? Such were the queries the situation

gave rise to, and in consequence of no satisfactory answer being at hand, the discussion grew warm—hot, I may say.

In the heat of the discussion, scouts returned reporting that the enemy were burning all the settlements above, and collecting all the cattle within their reach, and, from appearances, it was supposed they would not risk an immediate attack on Forty Fort, at least, did not intend to do so, but would burn, plunder and destroy all the upper settlements, probably cross the river to Pittston, take possession of that fort, destroy that and the neighboring settlements, massacre the people or make them prisoners, and then return back with their booty from whence they came.

This report put an entirely new feature on the face of affairs. Although speculative to a great extent, yet it afforded those who had been fierce to march and meet the enemy, new grounds on which to urge their views. They had become tired of seeking the enemy by flags, and demanded to march, meet and attack him wherever found. They insisted that his force was small, too small to cope with them, or he would, ere this, have executed his threat of the morning.

The cool and more judicious of the officers, on whom the responsibilities rested, thought prudence the better part of valor, and decided that their present position, being tenable against a superior force, and serving to protect the lower and main part of the valley from the encroachments of the enemy, would answer the purpose of protection to that part of it, until the expected reinforcements should arrive.

At this point in the debate, Lieut. Timothy Pierce arrived with information that the company of Spalding was on its way, and would probably arrive on Sunday, for their assistance.

This news did not, however, calm the troubled waters. It was contended that Sunday would be too late. That the enemy by that time could prowl through the Valley, rob

and burn their homes, kill or take captive the women and children, drive off their horses and cattle, and destroy their harvests, while they, like base and cowardly poltroons, were standing by with arms in their hands, and seeing him do it, without making an attempt to prevent it.

Besides, were they to remain where they were, or go back to the fort and shut themselves up in it, to await deliverance, they had not collected and in store sufficient provisions to hold out a long siege, or endure a long delay.

The discussion became heated and personal. Charges of cowardice were made by Capt. Lazarus Stewart, then a private in Capt. McKarrachen's Hanover company, against all who opposed advancing, particularly against Col. Butler the principal commander, who was against an advance, and he threatened to report him as such to headquarters. Stewart was ordered under arrest by Col. Denison.

The Hanover company became mutinous. Capt. McKarrachen resigned, and the company immediately elected Stewart in his place. They now threatened a revolt, unless a march should be immediately made against the enemy.

Col. Dennison, a cool and quiet man, who had taken little or no part in the discussion, as yet, urged the propriety of careful and considerate action, and the impropriety and danger of hasty and inconsiderate action. That it would be far better to wait until more was known of the number and movements of the enemy; that it was hardly possible that they would attempt to overrun the Valley as matters then stood; that a little delay would give them more information upon these points, when they could act intelligently, and in the meantime, Spalding's and Franklin's companies would arrive, the latter, certainly.

These suggestions did not meet the feelings and views of the men generally. They had become warmed up by the fiery words of Capt. Stewart, and declared that it would be a disgrace never to be forgotten or forgiven, should they remain there, or lie cooped up in the fort, while the enemy

should devastate the Valley, plunder and burn their homes, and then draw off with their booty, and they too cowardly to offer the least resistance. It was therefore determined to march, and meet or attack the enemy.

Those who would be disposed to blame the commanders of the settlers for permitting the decision of the question whether to march or remain in position to be made by the rank and file, should remember that the freest Republic existed here, the world has ever known. The people were their own rulers, in the strictest and fullest sense of that term. They met in town meeting and disposed of all their affairs. The town meeting was a legislative, judicial and executive body, all in one. There was no veto on its enactments; no appeal from its decisions, and no escape from its execution. All were accustomed to take part in its deliberations and debates; all voted on its final decisions, and all submitted to its authority. Could they do less on this occasion? It may be objected that this was a military body, and as such, ought to have been submissive to the commands of its officers. This was not the view they took of it. It was only a town meeting, met for military purposes, in which they all had an equal interest, and from the acts of which flowed a common danger or safety.

When it was decided to advance and attack the enemy, Col. Butler discharged Capt. Stewart from arrest, saying:

"We will march and meet the enemy, if he is to be found, and I will show the men that I dare lead where they dare follow."

The order to march was immediately given, and they proceeded cautiously on their way as far as the hill, just below the monument, where another halt was made, and where scouts met them with information that the enemy had set fire to Wintermoot Fort and were leaving the Valley.

In confirmation of this report, they pointed out the smoke from the fire of the burning fort.

The men now became eager to advance and pursue the



enemy. Here, Richard Inman, one of the Hanover men, wearied with the long march and the burden he was carrying, lay down alongside of a log fence, while they were halted, and went to sleep. After a short halt they moved on toward Wintermoot Fort, to test the accuracy of the information brought in by the scouts. They advanced to a point directly in line with the south-western boundary of the Fair ground, where they formed in battle order, their line extending from the hill which forms the plain, up in a north-western direction, about 1500 or 1600 feet.

Captains Durkee and Ransom, and Lieutenants Ross and Welles, having no immediate command, were detailed to mark off the ground and form the line of battle.

Their march had been in column along and just on the hill mentioned, and on coming up to the line marked off, the column deployed to the left, and every company took its designated station and advanced in line to the proper position, where it halted, the right resting on the hill, the left extending to the northwest.

Yellow and pitch-pine trees, with scrub-oaks about breast high, were everywhere over the plain. There were very few trees of any size. The Indians were accustomed to burn the plain over every year, to make pasture for deer and other game, and thus destroyed the growth of trees of large size.

The line was formed with Captain Hewitt's company on the right; next, Captain Bidlack's; and next, Captain Geer's. Captain Whittlesey's company was placed on the left; next, Captain Stewart's, and next Captain Buck's. Captains Durkee and Ransom, and Lieutenants Ross, Welles and Pierce were assigned positions on the field, rather as aids than commanders. Lieutenant Stoddart Bowen had arrived with a few men, from Salem, and they were added to Whittlesey's company on the left.

Captain Blanchard remained at the Pittston Fort with his force. The Indians and Tories had taken possession of

all the water craft in the upper part of the Valley, and consequently Blanchard's company could not get over to join our men, had it been prudent and proper for them to have done so.

Col. Butler, supported by Major Jonathan Waite Garret, assisted by Anderson Dana as adjutant, commanded the right wing. Col. Denison, supported by Lieut.-Colonel George Dorrance, commanded the left wing. Such was the ground, such the forces, and such the order of battle.

While these arrangements were being made, scouts were coming in bringing information of the movements of the enemy. They had succeeded in making their reconnaissance to the immediate vicinity of the fort, saw it burning, and a few Indians and others lingering near.

The enemy, in the meantime, had not been idle. From their scouts they had learned the movements and progress of the settlers in their march; had called in their scattered forces, particularly those at Jenkins' Fort, and had placed them in position to receive the settlers upon their advance.

Major Butler, ~~Captain Benjamin~~ and Captain Wm. Caldwell, Lieutenant Turney, with the British, were located on the left of their position, from the hill toward the marsh; next, and on their right, were the Tories, under Captains Benjamin and William Pawling and Hopkins; and to the right of these were the Indians, under Kayingwaurto, Gucingerachton and <sup>en</sup>Thayadenegea, reaching beyond the marsh and doubling down behind a covert of alders, white birch and other brush; the whole force being arranged nearly in the form of a crescent. They skulked and hid away in the bushes, so that the few who were stirring about the open space near the burning fort, were all that could be seen.

After the settlers had formed their line of battle, they marched, in single line as formed, nearly a mile, and to within forty or fifty rods of the fort, their right still resting on the hill, and their left extending about 1600 feet toward

the marsh, and to within 400 feet of it, where they halted and sent forward scouts for further reconnoissance. On the advance of the scouts, Indians would pop up, fire at them and flee, some in one direction, some in another.

Here they began to realize the fact, that the enemy might be near in sufficient force to make their further advance a bloody one, in fact, that a battle was imminent. They came to a halt. Their officers rode along the line informing the men of the situation, and addressing and encouraging them to stand bravely up to the work.

Says Col. Butler—

“The enemy is probably in full force just ahead of us. If so, we shall have hot work. Remember your homes! Your women and children call on you to protect them from the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savages. Your own fate, as well as that of your women, your children and your homes, is in your hands. Remember the fate of the Hardings and make sure work. Victory is safety! Defeat is death! Let every man do his duty and all will be well!”

The line at this point was counted off into odds and evens, from right to left. The advance was made by the odds marching forward five steps and halting, and then the evens marching ten steps and halting, and so on, alternately, each division or section marching ten steps, halting, firing and loading, while the other was going through the same exercise, until more than half the distance to what finally became the field of battle had been gone over.

As they advanced in this manner, a number of Indians, here and there over the field, would arise, deliver their fire and flee before them. The fire would be returned and our people would continue to advance. Soon a squad of British arose, delivered their fire and fell back. Our commander cries out, “See! the British retreat! Stand firm and the day is ours!” They continued to advance and soon another squad of British arose, delivered their fire and fell back.

Again the cry, "The British retreat! The day is ours!"

Our men had now arrived at a point just opposite Wintemoot Fort, on their right, and on the edge, in front, of the only cleared space on the plain, which was an open field of three or four acres. They continued their advance slowly and cautiously, when they soon found the British in full force in front, standing up to the work, though apparently yielding ground. The firing now became general along the lines on both sides. Our people felt they were gaining ground and driving the enemy before them.

Too much attention had been devoted to the movements of the British, in front, to properly observe and understand the movements and dangers of the other portions of the field. The British lay behind a log fence which ran along the upper side of this cleared field down to the foot of the hill, at a marshy spot, and were largely concealed and protected by it. The Indians, lying behind the marsh, on the other side of the field, which ran diagonally across the front of our line, and concealed behind its dense shrubbery, had not manifested their force on the field, and their location was not really known. When the settlers had advanced fully into this cleared field, and were, as they supposed, driving the enemy before them, the Indians broke from their covert and fell upon their left, yelling like demons, pouring in their fire and pressing to close quarters with the spear and tomahawk.

Their numbers were sufficient not only to outflank the left, but to turn it and gain the rear. Col. Denison, on discovering this movement, at once gave orders for the left to fall back, and form an oblique line to the position of the right, and thus bring the left into a position to face the enemy.

The order was not fully understood, or was imperfectly communicated, and hence the movement was confused. In the midst of the noise and confusion, the word oblique was understood by some to be retreat, and the line was not

formed, but the left began moving in on the right in a broken, confused mass.

The officers, meantime, made every possible effort to have their orders understood, and to restore order and bring the men to face the enemy and stand their ground, but in vain. Col. Dorrance fell, severely wounded, while riding along the line gallantly laboring in this vain attempt. The mistake was a fatal one and could not be retrieved.

The Indians, meantime, rushed in upon them, yelling, brandishing their spears and tomahawks, and the British and Tories pressed down upon them in front, pouring in a terrible fire.

Broken, borne down by overwhelming numbers, and pressed by an irresistible force, the left gave way and fell back on the right. The movement was rapid and confused and brought confusion on the right. From confusion to disorder, from disorder to broken lines, and thence to flight were but steps in regular gradation. The flight became a slaughter, the slaughter a massacre. Such was the battle.

It was impossible that the result of the battle should have been different. The enemy were nearly three to one, and had the advantage of position. Our men fought bravely, but it was of no avail.

Every Captain fell at his position in the line, and there the men lay like sheaves of wheat after the harvesters.

Indulge me while I recount to you some of the incidents of that flight, that slaughter, that massacre.

The flight from the battle-field, although confused and made under overwhelming pressure, by a furious onslaught of the enemy, yet, was not entirely devoid of system. The men, generally, gathered in squads, and commenced moving off, frequently turning back, like the hunted lion, and holding in check their pursuers, by their threatening attitude and the mutual support they gave each other.

On the left, a squad of a dozen or more, unconscious of the fatal state of affairs by which they were surrounded,



one man only, John Caldwell, having fallen in lines, stood their ground and loaded and fired, not only after all their friends had fled and were gone, but until the enemy had passed by them in their pursuit. They commenced moving off the field together, but one by one broke off, seeking safety in separate flight, by hiding in the bushes, and fleeing out of the line of pursuit. Part of them were taken prisoners, and with others, to the number of ten, were taken about half a mile above the battle-field, about midway between Wintermoot and Jenkins' Fort, on the top of the hill, on the line between Exeter, and West Pittston, near the river, where they were put to death with savage torture.

Capt. Blanchard and others, at Pittston, seeing fires burning below on the opposite side of the river, went down to see what was going on. They beheld a scene of torture of the most horrible and revolting character.

Several naked men were being driven round a stake, in the midst of flames. Their groans and shrieks were most piteous, while the shrieks and yells of the savages, who danced around, urging the victims on with spears, were too horrible to be endured. They were powerless to prevent or avenge these atrocities, and withdrew, heartsick, from the sight of the terrible orgies.

Among the prisoners was Joseph Elliott, who, seeing the horrible fate that awaited him, if he remained, sprang, and broke through the death circle of the savages, and fled to the river and plunged in. When out about twenty rods, a ball from his pursuers struck him in the shoulder, wounding him slightly. He continued on, crossed the river, and proceeded safely to Wilkes-Barre Fort.

A body of the fugitives surrounded Col. Butler, and all moved off together. Another body surrounded Col. Denison, and kept together until they reached Forty Fort. On their way, with the Indians in hot pursuit, Rufus Bennett, who held Col. Denison's horse by the tail, and was the

hindmost of the party, remembered that Richard Inman had lain down at the hill, at their second halting place, and not gone on with the others. As they came near to where Inman lay, Bennett turned his head in that direction and saw Inman sitting up, rubbing his eyes. "Is your gun loaded, Inman?" "Yes, it is!" "Shoot this Indian!" Inman raised his rifle and the foremost Indian, as he passed the fence, was shot through the heart. He sprang up, uttering a fearful yell, and fell prostrate. The other pursuing Indians turned and fled back, leaving the party unmolested. Col. Butler repaired to the Wilkes-Barre, or Wyoming Fort. Col. Denison took up his quarters at Forty Fort.

They at once took all necessary precautions to hold their positions and keep safely their inmates for the night, and until other arrangements could be made for their security.

The men fled generally back to the fort on the route they had marched out, or to the river, pursued closely by the British, Indians and Tories, and it would be difficult to tell which took most delight in shooting and cutting down the fugitives. No quarter was granted. All were indiscriminately slaughtered, wherever found. It was a dreadful hour. Men seemed transformed into demons.

Lieut. Elijah Shoemaker, who had fled into the river and was quite out of harm's way, was hailed by Windecker, a Tory, who had worked for him and received many favors at his hands, and requested to come back and put himself under Windecker's protection. Shoemaker stopped, hesitating what course to pursue. "Come out! Come out!" says Windecker. "You know I will protect you!" Shoemaker, trusting to the assurance, came back, and as he extended his hand to take Windecker's to help him up the bank, Windecker struck his tomahawk into the head of his victim, who fell back into the river and floated away.

Many other fugitives were in like manner lured to

shore, by promise of quarter or safety, and in like manner slain, too many to be recounted on this occasion.

The account of the horrible orgies at what has since been known as Queen Esther's Bloody Rock must close this part of this most bloody event.

On the evening of the battle, sixteen of the prisoners taken on the field of battle and in the flight, under promise of quarter, were collected together by their savage captors around a rock, near the brow of the hill, at the southeast of the village of Wyoming, and a little more than a mile from the field of action. The rock at that time was about two feet high on its eastern front, with a surface four or five feet square, running back to a level with the ground and beneath it at its western extremity. The prisoners were arranged in a ring around this rock, and were surrounded with a body of about two hundred savages, under the leadership and inspiration of Queen Esther, a fury in the form of woman, who assumed the office of executioner. The victims, one at a time, were taken from the devoted circle and led to the east front of the rock, where they were made to sit down. They were then taken by the hair and their heads pulled back on the rock, when the bloody Queen Esther, with death-maul would dash out their brains. The savages, as each victim was in this manner immolated, would dance around in a ring, holding each others' hands, shouting and hallooing, closing with the death-whoop. In this manner fourteen of the party had been put to death. The fury of the savage Queen increased with the work of blood. Seeing there was no other way or hope of deliverance, Lebbens Hammond, one of the prisoners, in a fit of desperation, with a sudden spring, broke through the circle of Indians and fled toward the mountain. Rifles cracked! Tomahawks flew! Indians yelled! But Hammond held on his course for about fifty rods, when he stumbled and fell, but sprang up again. Stopping for a moment to listen, he found his pursuers on each side of him, or a little ahead,

running and yelling like demons. He stepped behind a large pine tree to take breath, when, reflecting that his pursuers being already ahead of him, he would gain nothing by going on in that direction, he turned and ran for the river in such a course as to avoid the party around the fatal rock, and yet to keep an eye on them. He passed by without being seen, went down and plunged into the high grass in the swampy ground at the foot of the hill, where he remained concealed for about two hours, watching the movements and listening to the yells of his savage pursuers. He finally crawled out of his concealment, cautiously made his way to the river, and thence down to the fort.

Let us go back to the battle-field. On the fatal left we find only the body of John Caldwell, of Captain Whittlesey's company. He was killed by the first fire of the Indians; in fact they fired but once, and dropping their guns rushed in with spears and tomahawks. Not a living, breathing soul is found on the field. All who had not been able to fly, except Col. Dorrance, were put to death and scalped. The wounded were killed where they lay, or were dragged to the burning fort and thrown upon the fire, pierced and held on with spears. They plead in most piteous terms to be spared, but they appealed to hearts of adamant, that rejoiced in their sufferings and laughed at their merciful supplications.

The body of Captain Ransom, who was a fleshy man, was lying near the fort; his thigh was split with a knife all around from the knees to the hips. Captain Buck was lying by his side, his head cut off. Captain Bidlack lay a short distance off; he had been held on a fire in a heap of old logs and brush and burned to death. All were shockingly mutilated. It was a terrible sight. The stench from the burning bodies polluted the atmosphere with its noisome odor.

Night came, but it did not put an end to the work of death. All through its dark shadows, the Indians and

Tories, like beasts of prey, prowled along the line of flight, hunting out those who had concealed themselves, slaying them on the spot, and tearing off their reeking scalps, or capturing and reserving them for torture.

To those who were in the forts, and those who had escaped the pursuit of the murderous savages, that was a night of consternation, of alarm, and of terrible agony.

The shrill whoop of the Indians, mingled with the yells and hootings of the Tories and British, as they gathered near, proclaimed a fate as horrible to the survivors, as that of any who had fallen into their hands. All through the night was heard the voice of lamentation for the fate of husbands, fathers, sons, brothers and friends, who had fallen by the hands of the enemy; and weeping and wailing for tribulation, danger and death, that seemed to await them on the morrow. To the survivors it was "a night long to be remembered," never to be forgotten.

The morning of the 4th dawned amid the deepest sorrow and the most gloomy forebodings. Whichever way the afflicted people turned their eyes, death stared them in the face. The victorious foe seemed but to have whet their appetite for blood by the carnival of the preceeding day and night. They spread themselves everywhere throughout the Valley, and their pathway was marked by the shrieks of falling victims, the conflagration of their dwellings, and the destruction of their teeming harvests.

About eight o'clock in the morning, Major Butler despatched a messenger with a flag to Forty Fort, requesting Col. Denison to come up to headquarters and agree on terms of capitulation. He went, accompanied by Obadiah Gore, Esq., and Dr. Lemuel Gustin. A demand was made for the delivering up of all Continental troops, as prisoners of war, specially naming Col. Z. Butler, Lieut. J. Jenkins and the remains of Hewitt's company. Denison desired time to consult, which was given. It was determined that these parties should at once leave the Valley, and the capitulation



should be only for the inhabitants. Col. Butler at once fled across the mountains to the Lehigh, and Hewitt's company fled down the river.

Terms were agreed upon, on a renewal of negotiations, in all respects favorable to the inhabitants, except that it provided, "that the property taken from the people called *Tories*, up the river, be made good; and they to remain in "peaceable possession of their farms." This was the only provision against the settlers and in favor of the enemy, or any part of them.

"Nevertheless," says Col. Denison, "the enemy, being powerful, proceeded, plundered, burned and destroyed almost everything that was valuable; murdered several of the remaining inhabitants, and compelled most of the remainder to leave their settlements, nearly destitute of clothing, provisions and the necessaries of life."

William Gallop, on oath in the case of Van Horn vs. Dorrance, says:

"We were not to be plundered, but they plundered us of everything. They kept us three or four days, then told us to go. One hundred and eighty women and children, accompanied by only thirteen men, went together. They suffered extremely, all on foot, barefoot, bareheaded, in great want of provisions. Two women were delivered in the woods. Those of the men who had been in the battle made their escape before the fort surrendered, as the enemy said they would kill all that had been in the battle. The savages burnt all our improvements; scarcely a house left that was valuable. About two hundred men were then absent, serving in the Continental army.

The greater part of the men, women and children had fled east and down the river on the night of the massacre. Crossing the river at Forty Fort, they plunged into the wilderness and made their way to the mountains. Many fled on the night of the 4th.

The number of fugitives fleeing east from the Valley

was about two thousand. The savages, finding they had fled, pursued them. Many were slain by the pursuing savages in their flight, some died of excitement and fatigue, others of hunger and exposure, while many were lost who never found their way out. Hundreds were never seen again after they turned their backs on Wyoming. By what sufferings and torture they died the world will never know.

On their way was a long and dreary swamp to be traversed by them, which, on account of the number who fell and perished in its mire and among its thorny brambles, was called "THE SHADES OF DEATH."

On the evening of the 5th, the advance party fell in with Capt. Spalding's company, at Bear Swamp. On the morning of the 6th, Lieut. Jenkins joined the company and they continued their march toward Wyoming. When they arrived on the top of the mountains, within sight of the afflicted valley, they halted and sent out parties to protect the fugitives and drive back the pursuing savages. They remained here engaged in this work for two or three days, when they fell into the rear of the fugitives, scattering themselves through the woods, picking up those who had fallen by the way, exhausted from hunger and fatigue, giving them food, and encouraging and helping forward the women and children.

But for the timely aid thus furnished, many, very many, would have perished, who passed through the wilderness in safety.

The number slain in the battle and massacre has been variously stated. It may be put down at 300. Those who perished in the wilderness may be put at 200; making a total of 500, in the battle, massacre and flight.

Major John Butler, in his report, says 227 scalps were

taken at Wyoming. Many were shot in the river, whose scalps were not obtained.

### NUMBER OF THE SLAIN.

As the exact number of the slain is a matter of great doubt, I give the numbers as stated by various parties who may be presumed to know somewhat about it.

Major John Butler says 227 scalps were taken; Col. Zeb. Butler says 200, about; Lieut. John Jenkins says 300, and a number of officers; Col. N. Denison says 268 privates, 1 colonel, 2 majors, 7 captains, 13 lieutenants, 11 ensigns; Captain John Franklin, 204; Isaac A. Chapman, 300; Hon. David Scott, 300; T. F. Gordon, 330; Rev. James May, 300; George Grant, 300; Dr. David Ramsay, 360; Burtram Galbraith, Jr., 340; Abram Scott, 340; Col. W. L. Stone, 300; Dr. Geo. Peck, over 200; Charles Miner, 160; Col. Pickering, 170.

The story of the sad fate of Col. Dorrance remains to be told. On the 4th, as the victors were moving down to Forty Fort, to avail themselves of the full fruits of their victory, the captors of Col. Dorrance, two Indians, started to take him down to that post. Being an officer of prominence, dressed in a new uniform, with new sword and equipments, he had been spared when the slaughter of the wounded on the battle field had taken place, under the idea that more could be obtained for his ransom than could be made from his slaughter. About a mile from the field he became exhausted, and was unable to proceed further. What to do with him was a matter of pressing inquiry with the savages. Behind them was a desolation, ahead, new fields of plunder. To remain where they were and take care of their prisoner was out of the question. Stepping aside they held a short consultation. Returning, they put him to death, one taking his scalp and sword, the other his coat and cocked hat with feather. The latter at once doffed his own habiliments and donned the coat and hat of their victim, in all else being in *puris naturalibus*, and thus proceeded to the fort with his

companion. Gaily and proudly as the veriest dandy in new toggery, he strutted about and through the fort, before, as he supposed, an admiring audience. He took particular pains to exhibit himself to Mrs. Dorrance, who sat grieving over the sad fate of her husband. Ludicrous and comical as the sight would be as a comedy, it was a sad and mournful one as part of a bloody tragedy.

I have thus gone over the leading events connected with the Battle and Massacre of Wyoming, as we have learned it from our ancestors, and it may appear to some to be but a one-sided story, told with the views and in the interests of that side only.

Deeming it but fair and proper that both sides should be heard here to-day, I will give you the story, as written by a historian on the other side.

I will quote from Capt. Alexander Patterson's petition to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1804.

"In the year 1776, there were a number of inhabitants, "settlers on the north-east branch of the Susquehanna, near "Wyalusing, under the Pennsylvania title. Amongst these "were two brothers by the name of Pawling, of a respectable family from the county of Montgomery. They had "paid one thousand pounds in gold and silver for their farm "at Wyalusing, unto Job Gilaway, a useful, well-informed "Indian, who had obtained a grant for said land from the late "proprietors of this State. Among the settlers were the "Messrs. Secord, Depew, Vanderlip, and many others, weathy "farmers. The Yankees at Wyoming being more numerous, and though at the distance of sixty miles, insisted "that the Pennsylvania settlers should come to Wyoming "and train and associate under Yankee officers of their own "appointment. As may be supposed, the proposals were "very obnoxious to the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, and very "properly refused, alleging they would associate by themselves and would not be commanded by intruders, who had "so repeatedly sacked the well disposed inhabitants of

“Pennsylvania, and at that time bid defiance to its laws and jurisdiction. This gave a pretext to the Yankees for calling them Tories. They therefore went in force and tied the Pennsylvania settlers, and brought them to Wyoming, with all their moveables, and confined them in a log house, until the Indians who lived in the neighborhood of Wyalusing—and loved the Pennsylvanians, and at that time were well affected to the United States—some of whom had joined our army.”

“These Indians came to Wyoming and requested that the Pennsylvania people should be released from confinement. After some altercation, and the Indians declaring they would complain to Congress, they were released, and on their return, without property, were ambushed and fired upon by the Yankees. The event of all this was that the Pennsylvania people were so harrassed by the intruders, that they were driven to seek an asylum with the Indians, and at length retired to Niagara for protection. It was well known at the time, on the frontiers of Northumberland and Northampton counties, that the conduct of these Yankees occasioned the secession of the Five Nations from the United States.

As was natural to imagine, those Pennsylvania settlers who had been so cruelly robbed of their property would endeavor to regain it. Their address and moving complaints induced Joseph Brant, a well-known Indian chief, and a Col. Butler, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, to come with them to Wyoming with a number of Indians, for the recovery of their property, goods and chattels.

The party arrived at a place called Abraham's Plains, about five miles above Wyoming. The Yankees were apprised of their being at that place, and must needs go and fight them, led on by the old murderer, Lazarus Stewart, first having drank two barrels of whiskey to stimulate their spirits. They marched in riot, with drums beating and colors flying. The result was that a number of them was



killed. Those who asked quarter were humanely treated, nor was a woman or child molested, only enjoined to leave the country to the rightful owners. Surely there was no propriety in calling that transaction a massacre or murder. The wretches brought it upon themselves, and so be it."

In another petition, presented by Patterson to the Pennsylvania Legislature, August 27, 1784, he says :

"The Connecticut settlers continued to harrass and distress all those who had the honesty to declare they held their lands under this State, with vexatious suits and fines insupportable, until many of the unhappy sufferers, cut off from every support from this State, grew desperate, joined the savages, and in revenge, deluged Abraham's Plains with blood."

Benjamin Pawling, in a letter dated at Niagara, in 1784, to Edward Bartholomew, at Philadelphia, states that the Pennsylvania claimants were the people that cut off the Connecticut settlers, at Wyoming.

I will call one more witness—

Col. Guy Johnson to Lord George Germain. New York, 10th Sept., 1778.

No. 9. Extract.

\* \* "Your Lordship will have learned, before this can reach you, of the successful incursions of the Indians and loyalists from the northward. In conformity to the instructions I conveyed to my officers, they assembled their forces early in May, and one division, under one of my deputies (Mr. Butler), proceeded with great success down the Susquehanna, destroying the posts and settlements at Wyoming, augmenting their numbers with many loyalists, and alarming all the country : whilst another division, under Mr. Brandt, the Indian chief, cut off 294 men near Schoharie, and destroyed the adjacent settlements, with several magazines, from whence the rebels had derived great resources, thereby affording encouragement and opportunity to many friends of government to join them." \* \*

These 294 scalps of men cut off by Mr. Butler and the

chief, Brandt, and their associates, and sold in the British market, were gathered on the following fields :

Cobleskill,	-	-	-	-	-	22
West Branch of Susquehanna,				-	-	45
Wyoming,	-	-	-	-	-	227
						—294

It is said by some that Brandt was not at Wyoming. The story as told by both sides is that he was.

If these be not the fields wherein were harvested and prepared for the British market these 294 scalps of human victims, please tell me from what fields they were gathered. The number is sure to be correct, for the report comes from the purchaser, a high dignitary of the British crown, a wholesale dealer in the article, for which he paid \$2940 in British gold and silver. A few more may have been gathered and lost by the wayside, but this was the number taken to market. At ten dollars each they were too valuable to be counted loosely. The number agrees with the stumps upon the ground in these localities. Until we know better we must accept the story as told by both sides at the time of the transaction.

Truth and justice require that another fact, which has been omitted, should be told at this time. So far as known to the people here, not a woman or child was slain by the enemy in the Valley. How many, if any, were slain by them in the woods and mountains, whither they pursued them, was never known,

There was no shutting up of whole families in their houses, and then fire set to them and the whole consumed together. No slaughter of whole families, men, women and children, in that or any other way. The wickedness and devilishness of the savage horde needed not that extent of atrocity to make them execrated throughout the civilized world.

The humane in England, of every degree, “reprobated, “in strong terms, the circumstances attending the destruction of several parts of America, particularly of the set-

"tment of Wyoming, and the cruelties exercised by Col. Butler and his savage horde." (See Dodsley's Annual Register, 1779, p. 91.)

### THE FRATRICIDE.

The story of the fratricide, as told in our histories, would seem to be disproved by the following document, on file in the State Department of Connecticut, at Hartford. Doc. 133

To the Honorable General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, or in their recess, to his Excellency, the Governor, and Council of Safety of said State—

The memorial of the subscribers sheweth, That your Honors' memorialists enlisted into the service of this State, in ye Continental army, under Captains Strong and Judd, in ye year 1777; that we cheerfully went out into ye service of our country, leaving our families in this town; that in ye yr. 1778 the enemy destroyed this place, as your Honors well know, but by special favor of his Excellency, General Washington, we have since that time been continued here, where we have done duty under ye command of Captain Simon Spalding, who is now, by a late resolve of ye Continental Congress, ordered to leave this garrison, where some of our families are, and all of us are inhabitants of this town which is a frontier, and are daily exposed to ye ravages of ye enemy, where our families must either be left or removed out into ye country or camp. Wherefore your Honors' memorialists humbly beg leave to lay this our state and condition before your Honors, that your Honors in your great goodness will order that we may be discharged from our enlistment, that we may, without expense to the State, support ourselves and families, and that in wisdom your Honors interpose in our behalf, or some way grant relief; and we, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

JOHN RYON,  
LEMUEL WHITMAN,  
JOHN JACKSON,  
JOHN OAKLEY,  
JOHN PLATMORE,  
JOHN PENCIL.

Westmoreland, ye 23d day of January, 1781.

ENDORSED.

The within is a true representation of facts, and we, the

subscribers, beg leave to request your Honors that this memorial may be granted, as these men are good inhabitants, being industrious men, and much wanted in this exposed part of ye country, and serve to strengthen ye particular interest of this State, for if this town be not again destroyed by ye enemy, we hope, in a few years, to be able to throw a considerable sum of cash into ye treasury of this State, and make some returns for your Honors great goodness in granting so many of our requests. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray.

JOHN HULBUT, }  
 JAMES NESBIT, } Selectmen.  
 JABEZ SILL, }

Westmoreland, 23d January, 1781.

Signed at the particular request of ye inhabitants.

The allegation is that John Pencill killed his brother, Henry, on Monockonoek Island, after the battle.

The story of the battle, the massacre and flight have been briefly told. I shall now proceed to dispose of the several actors in them, who survived, and then my task will be completed.

Major Butler, on the morning of the 5th, received a letter from a messenger. He at once called his officers and the Indian chiefs around him and read its contents. He addressed them earnestly, and at the conclusion they gave a great shout. He at once prepared to leave the Valley, and set out by way of the Lackawanna, accompanied by Brant and his command. They gained the Susquehanna at Great Bend, from which point Brant continued on to Unadilla, where he is found on the 9th, writing to Persifer Carr for corn. Gucingerachton and Kayingwaurto went up the Susquehanna, accompanied by the Tories.

Capt. Spalding's company, accompanied the fugitives flying east as far as Stroudsburg, where they remained until the 4th of August, when they returned to the Valley, accompanied by many of the fugitives. They took possession and held it till the close of the contest with Great Britain, although often assailed, and many of them killed or taken prisoners.

The dead, who had fallen on the fatal 3d, remained unburied until the 22d of October. On the preceding day the following order was issued :

“CAMP WESTMORELAND, Oct. 21, 1778.

Ordered, That there be a party, consisting of a Lieutenant, two sergeants, two corporals and twenty-five men, to parade to-morrow morning, with arms, as a guard to those who will go to bury the remains of the men who were killed at the late battle, at and near the place called Wintermoot Fort.”

In pursuance of this order, Lieut. John Jenkins, on the morning of the 22d, took charge of a party and went forth on the mournful duty assigned them. They took with them two carts, some shovels and some two-tined wooden forks. The weather having been dry for some time after the battle, the bodies had dried and shriveled up so that few could be recognized. They had become so light that two men, one at the head and the other at the knees, could take a body up on their forks and toss it into the cart without difficulty. Passing along up from Forty Fort they had reached but little more than half way to the field of conflict before their carts were full. They then stopped and dug a hole in the earth, to bury them. After putting in what bodies they had, they found the hole still capable of holding more. They therefore proceeded on to the battle-field and gathered up all they could find there and on the way, and hauled them all to this spot, making for them one common grave. It was well it was so done, for they went out and fell together in the same glorious cause, and in death they should not have been divided.

After they had deposited all that could readily be found, they closed the grave and left them to their rest, where they remained until the 4th of July, 1832, when they were exhumed for the purpose of erecting a monument to their memory, which it is gratifying to record has been done. What bodies were not found and buried on that day in that grave, were afterwards buried when discovered, on the spot



where they lay. The number buried at that time, where the monument now stands, was 96—60 of whom were from the battle-field, the rest on the line of flight.

You ask, did this terrible atrocity go unavenged? Was no effort made to punish its perpetrators?

I answer, it was avenged. How, I will briefly narrate.

Upon the reception of the horrible tidings from Wyoming, Washington directed Col. Thomas Hartley to form a rendezvous, gather troops and move against the invaders on their own ground. At the same time, Col. William Butler, of the 4th Pennsylvania regiment, was ordered from Fort Stanwix to go down and form a junction with Col. Hartley, at Tioga, and together operate against the enemy. Col. Hartley went as far as Tioga, took some Indians prisoners, burnt Queen Esther's town and palace, and destroyed Tioga; but Col. Butler did not appear to join him. He returned to Wyoming. On his way he was attacked by a considerable body of Indians, between Wyalusing and Laceyville, on Indian Hill, and quite a sharp fight was had. The Indians were beaten and fled, leaving ten of their number dead on the field. Col. Butler mistook his way. He went down the head waters of the Delaware, instead of the Susquehanna. Discovering his mistake, he struck across to the Susquehanna, but too late to co-operate with Col. Hartley. He, however, destroyed the Indian castles and villages in the neighborhood of Unadilla, up and down the river.

This, however, was more than balanced by the massacre of Cherry Valley, on the 11th of November, following.

The whole country had now become aroused to the terrible state of affairs on the frontiers, and vigorous and ample means for subduing these inhuman monsters were demanded on all hands. Accordingly an expedition against them was devised during the winter of 1778-9, and set in motion in the following spring. This expedition was put in charge of Major-General John Sullivan, who marched into the Indian country as far as the Genesee river. He met

the enemy in several pitched battles, the most important of which was at Newtown, and defeated them in all. He destroyed forty of their villages and towns, with 160,000 bushels of corn, and devastated their whole country along the line of march. Among the slain in a battle at Chemung was Kayingwaurto, one of the chiefs who led the Indians at Wyoming. This expedition, while inflicting serious injury upon them in the destruction of their homes and means of subsistence, as well as by their utter demoralization as a warlike force, was not so seriously destructive to them in the loss of life, as the results which flowed from it. By the destruction of their towns and crops they were thrown completely on the hands of the British, who were compelled to take them in and provide for them at Niagara.

The ensuing winter was one of great rigor and severity. The snow fell early and to a great depth, as much as eight feet, and remained upon the ground all winter. The cold was intense and continuous, so that it was quite impossible to travel or get about. Shut up in narrow quarters, and fed on salt provisions, the scurvy broke out among them, and a large number died. They never recovered from these complicated calamities, and the once mighty Indian confederacy melted away with the opening of spring, and ceased, from that time forth, to be a power of any consequence or importance in the contest in which they had previously acted such a conspicuous and terrible part.

The haughty and chivalric spirit of this splendid race of savages, whose skill and eloquence in council, and whose mighty conquests and long-continued domination over surrounding tribes attracted the attention and won the admiration of the enlightened world, seemed to have been worthy of a better fate, but the degrading and demoralizing influence of association with the British and Tories, dragged them down to the lowest depths of depravity and terminated

their career amidst the execrations of mankind, with none to mourn their unhappy end.

How was it with Great Britain ?

The British government, from the time when the news of the terrible atrocities committed at Wyoming reached that country, had all the moral power of her people against her in a further prosecution of the war. The opposition became strong and zealous, and it was with difficulty supplies were obtained for that purpose. The war lingered along without moral force or power for some years, became a scheming with treason and a work for incendiaries, and finally resulted in a glorious victory for the Americans, and an ignominious defeat of the British, who lost not only all they had fought for, but thirteen of the brightest jewels from their imperial diadem.

The Tories fled to Canada, losing everything, gaining nothing but an immortality of infamy.

The conquered and the slain, and their descendants, how is it with them ?

They arose from this holocaust of blood and flame with renewed life and vigor. They built up the waste places, cleared away the forests, erected homes, established institutions, embellished this beautiful Valley, and have grown to be what you see them around you here to-day, and, perchance, may see to-morrow.

The nation they fought and sacrificed and died to establish, is great and mighty, the home of freemen, the abode of liberty. In all that enriches and ennobles mankind, in all that honors and dignifies a nation, she stands without a peer. Steam navigation, the telegraph, phonograph, telephone, microphone, electric pen, and other wonders in science and in practical life, have been invented and wrought out by the genius and skill of her people. They have given

a mighty impetus to the human mind, and wiped out all the bounds that have hitherto been set to control its onward progress. The dark, the stone, the brazen, the silver, the golden, the iron, and all other ages have been swept away and superseded by the electric, or lightning age, and this great and mighty people have realized in themselves the mythological Jupiter Tonas<sup>n</sup> of the ancients, grasping and wielding the lightnings of heaven, though directing them to bless instead of curse mankind.

# MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

BY STEUBEN JENKINS.

*Read at Monument, 3d July, 1878.*

To rid us of a tyrant's chain  
Our fathers fell; and not in vain  
They marched to battle and were slain,  
And with their blood bedewed this plain;  
They fought for home and liberty.

A British—Tory—Savage band  
Had come to desolate their land;  
Should they like cowards fly? or stand  
And meet th' invaders band to band  
And drive them back if that they may?

Like freemen, valiant, true and brave,  
They march to victory or the grave,  
While at their head their banners wave,  
And from their God they blessings crave,  
To guide them on to victory.

They met in battle's stern array,  
Dire was the conflict, dire the day;  
Borne down by odds, in short sharp fray,  
The gallant patriot band gave way,  
And fled from horrid slaughtering.

Th' invading host was fierce and strong,  
They swift pursued the flying throng,  
They swept the plain, they passed along  
And killed or captured old and young;  
The living saved for torturing.

They gave no quarter, spared no life  
Of all, who, in the battle's strife,  
Had fought for home, for children, wife—  
With spear, and tomahawk, and knife,  
They gave them o'er to butchery.

While time shall in full torrent swell,  
Queen Esther's bloody rock shall tell  
Of demon orgies, Indian yell,  
That stunned the victims ere they ~~they~~ fell  
On that dread night of massacre.

Nations and people all unite  
To damn the deeds done that dread night  
On tortured men, homes blazing bright,  
And call on God to curse and blight  
The cause that works such infamy.

But few of that heroic band,  
Who marched th' invaders to withstand,  
And save from ruin their loved land,  
Survived the battle's bloody brand  
To see their country's victory.

A hundred years have rolled away  
Since on that sad, ill-fated day,  
Our fathers fell in bloody fray;  
And we are gathered here to pay  
Due honors to their memory.

They who beneath these tablets lie,  
This lesson taught posterity:  
'Tis sweet and glorious to die  
For country, home and liberty.  
Yea, sweeter far that slavery.

Then let us, o'er their honored grave,  
The glorious flag of freedom wave!  
Keep green the memory of the brave!  
Wave, freemen! all your banners wave!  
In honor of their memory.



## BATTLE OF WYOMING.

BY STEUBEN JENKINS.

Strike the lyre in warning strain!  
Wake the hearts of daring men!  
Bid them for their country stand,  
Guard their homes and cherished land!  
Tyrants trampling on their rights,  
Savage hordes whose presence blights,  
March their homes to desolate;  
Bid them rise ere yet too late!

Strike the lyre in martial strain!  
Rouse to action valiant men!  
See! they meet in battle's shock,  
Meet as waves meet frowning rock!  
Crushed beneath o'erwhelming force,  
Carnage marks their flight's fell course.  
Three to one the forces prove,  
Three opposed to one we love.

Strike the lyre in mournful strain!  
Let it peal a sad refrain!  
Let its notes a requiem prove  
O'er the graves of those we love,  
Martyrs for our liberty!  
Dying that we might be free!  
Honored be the patriot dead!  
Glorious be their gory bed!

Strike the lyre in joyful strain!  
Strike, O, strike it yet again!  
Let its joyful tones resound!  
Let it echo all around!  
Bid it tell of glorious deeds!  
Bid it tell how freedom speeds!  
Tell what ~~valent~~ gallant men have done!  
Tell how liberty was won!

Strike the lyre in dulcet strain!  
Strike for all good-willing men!  
Fruitful blessings on each hand  
Flow throughout our happy land,  
Perfect love in full accord,  
Peace and plenty crown the board!  
All from bondage now are free!  
All rejoice in Liberty!

(Inscription on front tablet of Monument.)

Near this spot was fought,  
on the afternoon of Friday, the third day of July, 1778,

THE BATTLE OF WYOMING,

In which a small body of patriotic Americans,  
chiefly the undisciplined, the youthful and the aged,  
spared, by inefficiency, from the distant ranks of the Republic,  
led by Col. Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Denison,  
with a courage that deserved success,  
boldly met and bravely fought  
a combined British,\*Tory and Indian force,  
of thrice their number.

Numerical superiority alone gave success to the invader,  
and wide-spread havoc, desolation and ruin,  
marked his savage and bloody footsteps through the Valley.

THIS MONUMENT,

commemorative of these events,  
and of the actors in them,  
has been crected  
over the bones of the slain,

By their descendants, and others, who gratefully appreciated  
the services and sacrifices of their patriotic ancestors.

(Inscription on right and left sides.)

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PATRIA MORI,  
SLAIN IN BATTLE.

FIELD OFFICERS.

Lt.-Col. George Dorrance,

Major Jonathan Waite Garrett.

CAPTAINS.

James Bidlack, jr.,  
Aboliah Buck,  
Robert Durkee,

Rezin Geer,  
Dethick Hewitt,  
Wm. McKarrachen,

Samuel Ransom,  
Lazarus Stewart,  
James Wigton.

*Asaph Whittelsey.*

LIEUTENANTS.

A. Atherton,  
Aaron Gaylord,  
Perrin Ross,  
Lazarus Stewart, jr.,

Flavius Waterman,  
Stoddart Bowen,  
Timothy Peirce,

Elijah Shoemaker,  
Asa Stevens,  
James Welles.

ENSIGNS.

Jeremiah Bigford,  
Silas Gore,

Jonathan Otis,  
Asa Gore,

Titus Hinman,  
William White.

PRIVATES.

Jabez Atherton,  
Christopher Avery  
Ackke,

D. Denton,  
Anderson Dana,  
Conrad Davenport,  
George Downing,  
James Devine,  
Levi Dunn,  
William Dunn,  
Ducher,

Joshua Landon,  
Daniel Lawrence,  
William Lawrence,  
Francis Lockyard,  
James Ledy,  
Conrad Lome,  
Jacob Lome,  
William Lester,

A. Benedict,  
Jabez Beers,  
Samuel Bigford,  
David Bixby,  
Elias Bixby,  
John Boyd,  
John Brown,  
Thomas Brown,  
William Buck,  
Joseph Budd,  
Amos Bullock,  
Asa Bullock,  
Henry Bush,  
Enos Brockway,

Benjamin Finch,  
Daniel Finch,  
John Finch,  
Elisha Fish,  
Cornelius Fitchett,  
Eliphalet Follett,  
Thomas Foxen,  
John Franklin,  
Stephen Fuller,  
Thomas Fuller.

C. McCartee,  
Nicholas Manville,  
Nero Matthewson,  
Alexander McMillan,  
Job Marshall,  
Andrew Millard,  
Robert Murphy,  
Robert McIntire,  
Joseph Ogden,

John Caldwell,  
Josiah Carman,  
Joseph Carey,  
Joel Church,  
William Cofferin,  
James Cofferin,  
Samuel Cole,  
Isaac Campbell,  
Campbell,  
Robert Comstock,  
Kingsley Comstock,  
Brothers { Cook,  
Cook,  
Cook,  
Christopher Courtright,  
John Courtright,  
Anson Corey,  
Jenks Corey,  
Rufus Corey,  
Joseph Crocker,  
Samuel Crocker,  
Jabez Darling,

George Gore,  
Gardner,  
Green,  
Benjamin Hatch,  
William Hammond,  
Silas Harvey,  
Samuel Hutchinson,  
Cyprian Hebard,  
Levi Hicks,  
John Hutchins,  
James Hopkins,  
Nathaniel Howard,

Abel Palmer,  
Silas Parke,  
William Parker,  
John Pierce,  
Henry Pencil,  
Noah Pettebone, jr.,  
Jeremiah Ross, jr.,  
Elisha Richards,  
William Reynolds,  
Elias Roberts,  
Timothy Rose,  
Abram Shaw,  
James Shaw,  
Joseph Shaw,  
Constant Searle,  
Abel Seely,  
Levi Spencer,  
Ekeazer Sprague,  
Aaron Stark,  
Daniel Stark,

Darius Spofford, James Spencer, Joseph Staples, Reuben Staples, Rufus Stevens, James Stevenson, Nailer Sweed,	John Vaulbie, Elihu Waters, Jonathan Weeks, Bartholomew Weeks, Philip Weeks, Peter Wheeler, Stephen Whiton, Eben Wilcox, Elihu Williams, jr., Rufus Williams,	Aziba Williams, John Williams, John Ward, John Wilson, Parker Wilson, William Woodring, Wade, Ozias Yale, Gershom Prince, colored,
Ichabod Tuttle,		
Abram Vangorder,		

(Inscription on rear, over door.)

## S U R V I V O R S .

### COLONELS.

Zebulon Butler,	Nathan Denison,
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### LIEUTENANTS.

Daniel Gore,	Timothy Howe.
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### ENSIGNS.

Daniel Downing,	Matthias Hollenback,
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### SERGEANTS.

Jabez Fish,	Phineas Spafford,	Gates.
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### PRIVATES.

John Abbott,	Thomas Fuller,	Joseph Morse,
Gideon Baldwin,	John Garrett,	Thomas Neill,
Zera Beach,	Samuel Gore,	
Rufus Bennett,	Lemuel Gustin,	Josiah Pell,
Solomon Bennett,	Lebens Hammond,	Phineas Peirce,
Elisha Blackman,	Jacob Haldron,	Abraham Pike,
Nathan Carey,	Elisha Harris,	John N. Skinner,
Samuel Carey,	Ebenezer Heberd,	Giles Slocum,
George Cooper,	William Heberd,	Walter Spencer,
Joseph Elliott,	Richard Inman,	Edward Spencer,
	David Inman,	Roger Searle,
Samuel Finch,	John Jamison,	Cherick Westbrook,
Roswell Franklin,	Henry Lickers,	Eleazer West,
Hugh Forsman,		Daniel Washburn.

### PRISONERS TAKEN FROM WYOMING.

John Gardner,	Daniel Wallen,	Elisha Wilcox,
Daniel Carr,	Daniel Rosenkrans,	Pierce.
Samuel Carey,		

### KILLED ON APPROACH TO WYOMING.

William Crooks,	Stukely Harding,	Wm. Martin, Quoeko,
Mincer Robbins,	James Halsall,	[colored.
Benjamin Harding,	James Halsall, jr.,	

























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